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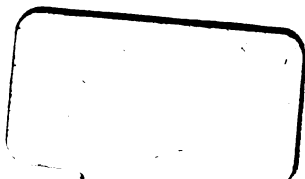
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A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
3
FOR
SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

God is the King of all the earth: Sing ye praises with understanding—Ps. xlvii. 7

SECOND EDITION.

STEREOTYPED BY E. WHITE, NEW-YORK.

NEW YORK

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1824.
a12

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourteenth day of October, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, **W. H. Clayton**, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words and figures following, to wit:

"A Collection of Psalms and Hymns, for Social and Private Worship. God is the King of all the earth Sing ye praises with understanding."—*P's. xlvii. 7.*"

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GILBERT LIVINGSTON THOMPSON,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York



PREFACE.

THE following collection of Sacred Poetry will be found to aim at no sectarian distinctions. It has rather been the wish of the Compiler to exclude all reference to those opinions which are still controverted among christians, and to advance only those great and important practical doctrines in which all are professedly agreed. He has endeavoured to avoid every expression which could give offence to the serious christian of any denomination; and thus, as far as possible, to enable all to unite, cordially and sincerely, in this interesting part of social worship, the celebration of the praises of the Most High.

It has also been a principal object in this selection to combine taste with devotion. It is not meant that there is any natural repugnance between them; but perhaps there are few persons of cultivated minds, who have not had cause to lament their too frequent disunion. In comprising, however, a proper diversity of subjects, adapted to the many occasions of social and private worship, or in any degree commensurate with the various wants, conditions and occurrences of human life, it has been difficult to avoid some sacrifices of good taste. On the other hand, a few hymns will be found here which are merely didactic, on subjects that do not admit of the pathos of devotional feeling. But these, it is hoped, will not be thought to be misplaced, if it is considered that the use of a work of this kind is not confined to the solemn services of the sanctuary. Its influence in the retired walks of devotion, as a manual of christian edification and instruction among all ages, was deemed too important to be wholly disregarded.

The works which have in any measure contributed to this Collection, have been consulted, as far as practicable, in the originals, and many passages have been restored from the readings

PREFACE.

in common use. In deviating from the first copies, the Compiler has had principally in view the important objects which have been stated. In other alterations, it has been his design to adapt the sentiments to the different classes of character which make up every assembly of worshippers, and some of whom cannot, with propriety, be supposed to use expressions which are fitted only to those who have made the highest attainments. It would have been useless, if not impossible, to have noted all the changes which have been made or adopted. He has, therefore, marked as altered, only those hymns in which any change has been made by himself. Hymns which have never appeared before in any collection published in this country, are distinguished by an obelisk. [†] Those with an asterisk [*] affixed to them, are originals, for which the Compiler is principally indebted to his friends.

The arrangement in this Collection, it is hoped, will be found to possess some advantages, in admitting of an easy reference, when the first line is remembered, without the intervention of a table, while the subjects are kept sufficiently distinct for the general reader. The copious Index at the end will, probably, be a better guide to the different subjects, than any classification which could have been made.

The Compiler has met with too many difficulties in satisfying himself in this undertaking, to permit the expectation that he can have succeeded in satisfying others :

‘But all is in His hands whose praise he seeks.’

To His blessing he commends the work, with an humble hope it may prove no unacceptable offering to the best interests of that religious society with which he is connected, and to that cause of pure christianity which it would be his highest ambition to serve.

NEW-YORK, OCT. 3, 1820. Y

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED,

IN THREE PARTS:

I.

*Of general Prayer and Praise, and for the
Introduction and Close of Public Worship.*

II.

For particular Subjects of Discourses.

III.

*For particular Occasions, and for Private and
Domestic Devotion*

METRES.

S. M.	Short Metre.
C. M.	Common Metre.
L. M.	Long Metre.
L P. M.	Long Particular Metre.
7 s. M.	Sevens Metre.
8, 8, 6 M.	Eight and Six Metre.
6 l. L. M.	Six line Long Metre.
6, 6, 8 M.	Six and Eight Metre.
8 & 7 M.	Eight and Seven syllable Metre.
10 s. M.	Ten syllable Metre.
10 & 11 s. M.	Ten and Eleven syllable Metre.
H. M.	Hallelujah Metre.
P. M.	Proper Metre.

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PART FIRST.

**HYMNS OF GENERAL PRAYER AND PRAISE, AND FOR THE
INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP**

1. C. M.

- The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.**
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !**
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.**
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.**
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain !
Behold, the tomb its prey restores !
Behold, he lives again !**

- 6 And while his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Mrs. Barbauld.

2. C. M.

God's Sovereign Dominion.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD! thy powerful word
From nothing, all things brought;
Earth, seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,
With matchless skill were wrought.
- 2 By thee preserved, the whole remains
A proof of power divine;
And all, which this great whole contains,
By sovereign right is thine.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, thy views fulfil;
Through thee each planet rolls;
Earth, seas, and skies, obey thy will;
Thy power the world controls.
- 4 Thou over all art Lord supreme;
All else from thee derive;
No being can dispute thy claim,
Nor independent live.
- 5 To thee, and thee alone, we bow,
To thee alone would live;
All that we have to thee we owe,
Ourselves to thee we give.
- 6 Accept what now, with faith and love,
We to thy will resign;
And let thy grace preserve, improve,
And perfect, what is thine.

† Exeter Coll.

(24)

3. S. M.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through all creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too:
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, O let me spend
The remnant of my days!
And oft to God, my soul ascend
In grateful songs of praise!

Watts

4. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

- 1 **ANOTHER** six days work is done,
Another sabbath is begun:
Improve, my soul! the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blessed.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise
As grateful incense, to the skies;
May heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none, but they who feel it, know.

- 3 This holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains ;---
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
In hope, we future mercies taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !
Stennet, alt'd.

5. L. M.

God our Shepherd and Guardian. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 As the good shepherd gently leads
His wandering flock to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flowery landscape flow ;
- 2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps control :
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings me back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Though I should journey through the plains
Where death in all his horror reigns,
My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, my God ! art with me there.
- 4 Thine ever-watchful providence
Is my support and my defence :
With thee I am of all possessed,
And in thy favour, fully blessed.

- 5 O bounteous God! my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

† Pope's Collection.

6. P. M.

Commencement of Public Worship.

- 1 At the portals of thy house,
Lord! we leave our mortal cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers:
Pure and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.

- 2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heavenly way,
To their feet thy light afford:
Let the world united join,
To extol thy love divine.

† J. Taylor.

7. L. M.

Praise from all Mankind. Ps. c.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations! bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !
 - 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 - 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
- Watts.

8. 8, 8, 6 M.

Praise from all Nature. Ps. cxlviii.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul ! the exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Let heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
Ye thunders, speak his power :
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides the eternal King ;
The astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunder of the skies,
Praise him, who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

- 4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing ;
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him, who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man---by nobler passions swayed---
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

Ogilvie.

9. S. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel. Ps. xix.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the heavens declare
 The glory of our God ;
 The starry firmament on high,
 Proclaims his power abroad.
- 2 Nor can the night return,
 Nor sun his beams display,
 Where not their voice is heard, of God
 The knowledge to convey.
- 3 But from his gospel beams
 Instruction more divine :
 There God unfolds an endless day,
 There love and mercy shine.
- 4 There God reveals his laws
 So perfect and so pure,
 And there is taught that fear of him,
 Which ever shall endure.

- 5 There he instructs the wise,
 Reclaims the wandering soul,
 And brings to light those hidden joys
 Which all our griefs control.
- 6 Our lives, from secret faults,
 From bold transgressions free ;
 And make our meditations, Lord !
 Acceptable to thee.

*

10. S. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture. Ps. xix.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same ;
 While night to day, and day to night,
 Proclaims the Almighty's name.
- 3 In every different land,
 Their general voice is known ;
 They speak the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands ! rejoice ;
 To you his word is given :
 We are not left, from nature's voice,
 To learn the path to heaven.
- 5 His statutes and commands
 Are set before our eyes ;
 He puts his gospel in our hands,
 Where our salvation lies.

- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 While with the heart and tongue,
We spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
Our Father and our God!

Watts, alt'd.

11. L. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated. Ps. lvii.

- 1 BE THOU exalted, O our God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 The earth, the stars, and worlds unknown,
Were formed by thy almighty word:
All things exist through thee alone;
All nature owns thee for its Lord.
- 3 In thee, O God! are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown:
All the rich gifts which nature brings,
Are blessings flowing from thy throne.
- 4 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky:
Thy truth to endless years remains,
Though lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 5 Be thou exalted, O our God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Watts, alt'd.

12. 7s. M.

Freedom from Error, Guilt, and Folly implored. Ps. xix.

- 1 **BLESSED** Instructor ! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth the mind,
Leave not, Lord ! one root behind.
- 2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise ;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee :
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blessed Redeemer ! bow thine ear ;
God, our strength ! propitious hear.

Merrick.

13. L. M.

The Goodness of God acknowledged in Temporal and
Spiritual Blessings. Ps. ciii.

- 1 **BLESS**, O my soul ! the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
Let not the wonders he has wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.

- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And soothes the pains which nature feels ;
Redeems our souls from sin, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.
- 4 Our youth decayed, his power repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
And, while he present good supplies,
Bids endless bliss in prospect rise.
- 5 His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But made his truth and mercy known
To all the nations, by his Son.
- 6 Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth his goodness bless :
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

Watts.

14. L. M.

All Nature invoked to Praise the Creator.

- 1 CELESTIAL worlds ! your Maker's name
Resound through every shining coast :
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.
- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day !
Praise him in thy sublime career ;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
Night's sable horrors to illumine !
Praise him who hung you high in heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

- 4 Lightnings, that round the Eternal play!
 Thunders, that from his arm are hurled!
 The grandeur of your God convey,
 Blazing, or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Be the almighty God adored :
 He made the nations by his power,
 And rules them with his sovereign word.
- Williams' Collect.

15. S. M.

Solemn call to Praise. Ps. xcv.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing !
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his work, and his alone ;
 He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 No more provoke his rod ;
 Come, make his heavenly paths your choice,
 And own your gracious God.
- 5 Thus you the joys will share,
 Which from devotion rise ;
 And every day your souls prepare
 For bliss, that never dies.

Watts.

16. S. M.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **COME, ye who love the Lord !
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.**
- 2 **The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place !
Religion never was designed
To make your pleasures less.**
- 3 **God, your eternal Friend,
No present good denies ;
And when the scenes of time shall end,
Will call you to the skies.**
- 4 **There shall you see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.**
- 5 **The sons of God have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.**
- 6 **Then let our sorrows cease,
And every tear be dry ;
We're travelling through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.**

Watts.

17. L. M.

The One Living and True God. Ps. lxxxvi.

- 1 **ETERNAL** God ! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed ;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Spread thy great name through every land,
In every heart erect thy throne ;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And, as thou art, reign God alone.

Browne, alt'd.

18. C. M.

Prayer for Spiritual and Eternal Blessings.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Source of light and life :
Supremely good and wise !
To thee we pay our grateful vows,
To thee, lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

- 3 Conduct us safely, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures which for ever flow
At thy right hand, O God!

Cappe's Select.

19. L. M.

The Divine Blessing implored. Heb. xii. 9.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought!
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love!

Doddridge

20. 8 & 7 s. M.

Pardon and Peace from God.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:

Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,
 Lord ! with favour still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
 Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us ;
 All our hope is from above.

J. Taylor.

21. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER adored in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
 Thy kingdom come with power and love,
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care ,
 Forgive the sins which we forsake :
 And let us in thy kindness share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour ;
 Thy kind protection we implore :
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power ;
 Be thine the glory evermore !

Pope's Coll.

22. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **FATHER** in heaven ! thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung ;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth ;
Thy praise fill every tongue.
- 2 By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done ;
So be thy perfect will obeyed,
By all beneath the sun.
- 3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply ;
O grant, each day, our daily bread,
Nor other good deny !
- 4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do ;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.
- 5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threatening stand ;
O turn aside impending ills,
With thy almighty hand !
- 6 Thy sceptre all creation sways ;
Thy power knows no control ;
Thy matchless glory shall endure,
While endless ages roll.

† Liverpool (Paradise st.) Coll.

23. C. M.

Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **FATHER** of all! Eternal God!
Supremely good and great!
Thy children, formed and blessed by thee,
Approach thy heavenly seat.
- 2 Thy name in hallowed strains be sung;
We join the solemn praise;
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy mild, thy wise and righteous reign,
Let every being own;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels in the heavenly worlds
Thy blessed commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures here below,
Perform thy holy will.
- 5 On thee we day by day depend,
And 'on thy care rely:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And every want supply.
- 6 Extend thy grace to every fault;
O let thy love forgive!
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread;
And threatening evils, Lord! avert
From our unguarded head.

- 8 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
 With cheerful, humble mind ;
 And praise thy goodness, power, and truth
 Eternal, unconfined !

Exeter Coll. alt'd.

24. C. M.

Supplication for Spiritual and Temporal Good.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose cares extend
 To earth's remotest shore ;
 Through every age let praise ascend ;
 Let every clime adore.
- 2 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than death to shun,
 That, more than life pursue.
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find the better way !
- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent ;
 At aught thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 5 Teach me to feel another's wo,
 To hide the faults I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
- 6 This day, be bread and peace my lot,
 All beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 Let thy will be done.

- 7 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise!

Pope

25. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence acknowledged. Matt. v. 45.

- 1 FATHER of light! we sing thy name,
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
 In copious drops, the genial rain,
 Which o'er the hills, and through the meads,
 Revives the grass, and swells the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread:
 Yet thousands of our guilty race,
 Though by thy daily bounty fed,
 Despise thy law, reject thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And showers in richer drops shall fall,
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,
 And thou, O God! adored in all.

Doddridge, alt'd.

26. C. M.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 O may thy gospel ever be
Our study and delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light!

Mrs. Steele, alt'd.

27. 7 s. M.

The Acceptable Offering.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race!
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:

- 6 Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child!

30. L. M.

Universal Praise. Ps. cxvii.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue!
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Watts.

31. H. M.

Divine Power and Grace. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored.
- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| His power and grace | Are still the same; |
| And let his name | Have endless praise. |
- 2 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Earth's utmost ends | His power obey: |
| His glorious sway | The sky transcends. |

3 He doth the wants supply
Of every thing which lives,
He hears affliction's cry,
And pities and forgives.

His mercies sure,	Just themes of praise,
To endless days	Unchanged endure.

4 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our wo,
From error, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.

While earth and sky	Declare his praise,
His saints shall raise	His honours high.

5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King,
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

His power and grace	Are still the same;
And let his name	Have endless praise!
	Watts, alt'd.

32. L. M.

Divine Power and Grace. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry worlds on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this short life he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When time and death shall be no more.

Watts.

33. L. P. M.

God the unfailing Source of Good.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs,
Whose goodness still unceasing flows ;
Repeat his name with grateful mind,
Who, ever good and ever kind,
No change, nor variation knows.
- 2 Sovereign alone of earth and sky !
On thee, for every hour's supply,
Thy various creatures all depend ;
Man, whom thy light has given to know
The source whence all his blessings flow,
Views in his God his kindest friend !
- 3 Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate in ardent praise
Eternal life through Jesus given ;
Thy gracious messenger he came,—
For ever blessed be thy name !
And pointed out the way to heaven.

† Exeter Coll.
(48)

34. P. M.

Praise to God for his Greatness and Mercy.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high!
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven:
Glory be to God on high!
God, whose glory fills the sky.
- 2 Favoured mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound;
Where the Godhead shines confessed,
There be solemn praise addressed.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 5 Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease:
Glory be, &c.

J. Taylor.

35. L. M.

The Blessings of Divine Worship.

- 1 God in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
And loves to see that worship rise,
Which forms his offspring for the skies.

- 2 His mercy every house attends,
Whence pure devotion's flame ascends;
And ever lends a gracious ear,
Where churches join in praise and prayer.
- 3 To men of pure and pious hearts,
All real good their God imparts;
With grace he crowns them here below,
And endless glory will bestow.
- 4 His blessing yields a large increase
Of wisdom, and of sacred peace;
While ripening holiness and love,
Prepare their souls for joys above.
- 5 Father supreme! whose sovereign sway,
All worlds, all beings must obey;
May our first wish and object be,
On earth, in heaven, to dwell with thee. .

Watts.

36. C. M.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees, the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

- 4 Lord! search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere;
Then may we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Watts.

37. L. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

- 1 God, who in various methods told
His holy will to those of old,
By his beloved Son, displays
His truth and grace, in latter days.
- 2 We have the volume which records
Our Saviour's character and words;
And in our rising Lord was given
The pledge of life, the hope of heaven.
- 3 There, knowledge of the noblest kind
Expands and elevates the mind;
The heavenly doctrine, plain as true,
Instructs, reproves, and comforts too.
- 4 How brightly there thy glories shine,
Wisdom, and goodness all divine;
Whate'er can fill the soul with love,
And form it for the joys above!
- 5 Christians! while grateful songs ye raise,
Improve the gospel which ye praise;
And aid its progress, till the Lord
Hath blessed all nations with his word.

Watts.

38. L. M.

Praise from the Works of God.

- 1 **GREAT Cause of all things! Source of life!**
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 **Waked by thy hand, the morning sun**
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptured worlds look up and praise.
- 3 **The moon to the deep shades of night**
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.
- 4 **And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,**
And every flower, and every tree;
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 **But man was formed to rise to heaven;**
And, blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 **Nor can the thousand songs that rise,**
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

Dyer.

(57)

39. L. M.

Man's Dependance upon God.

- 1 **GREATEST** of beings! Source of life,
Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature owns thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies:
And when, oppressed with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose infant minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven;
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better world to come;—
- 5 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each changing scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its varying course;
Or death invite the heart to rest:
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord! obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

Dyer.

40. C. M.

God the Creator and Preserver.

- 1 GREAT First of beings! mighty Lord!
We praise thy glorious name;
Produced by thy creating word,
Arose this wondrous frame.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command;
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy skill were made.
- 3 By thee, through fields of azure, roll
Unnumbered worlds above;
Thy mighty hand sustains the whole;
Each creature shares thy love.
- 4 By thee the sun dispenses heat,
And beams of cheering day;
By thee, the stars, in order set,
At night thy power display.
- 5 By thee the earth its product yields,
And countless myriads live;
And trees and plants adorn the fields,
And their rich treasures give.
- 6 To thee, all-gracious Power! we bow,
And would ourselves resign;
Accept the praise, accept the vow,
And make us wholly thine.

Browne, alt'd.
(54)

41. L. P. M.

The Works and Word of God. Ps. xix.

- 1 GREAT GOD! the heaven's well ordered frame
 Declares the glories of thy name;
 There thy rich works of wonder shine:
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless power, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
 With silent eloquence, they raise
 Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Wide as the circuit of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice;
 The sun, in robes of splendor dressed,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Moves round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He speaks the majesty of God:
 All nature joins to show thy praise:
 Thus God in every creature shines,
 Bright in the book of nature's lines,
 But brighter in the book of grace.
- Watts, alt'd.

42. L. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 GREAT GOD! this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected powers;
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides, appear no more:
Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.

3 The word of life dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart an humble guest!

4 Thy gracious aid, O God! impart;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart!
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

† Mrs. Steele.

43. C. M.

The God of Nature invoked.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine :
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page !
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see ;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God ! to thee.

Gentleman's Magazine.

44. L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. xxxvi. 5—9.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God !
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast thy bounty share :
The whole creation is thy charge,
The righteous thy peculiar care.

- 4 O God! how excellent thy grace!
Thence all our hope and comfort spring;
In fear, in trouble, and distress,
We'll seek the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 The living bread thy word bestows,
Will fainting souls with strength renew;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our view.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.
Watts, alt'd.

45. 7 s. M.

Humble Adoration.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

Salisbury Coll.

46. L. P. M.

The Book of Grace. Ps. xix.

- 1 How precious, Lord! thy holy word!
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes
And warn us where our danger lies;
While gospel-truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.
- 3 From the discoveries of thy law
What perfect rules of life we draw!
Be these our study and delight:.
May every deed, and word, and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well-pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 O may thy word those faults reveal,
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain!
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

Wat'

47. 8, 8, 6 M.

Attendance upon Religious Institutions.

- 1 I'LL bless Jehovah's glorious name,
Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim,
With every morning light;
And at the close of every day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me through the night.
- 2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ:
The day that saw my Saviour rise,
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.
- 3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
I'll celebrate the dying feast
Of my departing Lord;
And while his perfect love I view,
His bright example I'll pursue,
And meditate his word.

Miss Daye.

48. L. P. M.

Eternal Praise for Divine Goodness.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On God alone: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed; he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath sight to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the contrite spirit peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 He loves the good; he knows them well;
His love their joyful lips can tell;
Their gracious God for ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains!
Watts, alt'd.

49. C. M.

The Unceasing Goodness of our Heavenly Father.

- 1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

† Thomson.

50. 10 & 11 s. M.

The unrivalled Power and Dominion of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! let every nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide-peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

2 He rules with wide and absolute command,
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs upon his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

- 3 This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 4 The sun himself, with gathering clouds oppressed,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amid the common ruins of the sky ;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.
- 5 But fixed, O God ! forever stands thy throne ;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone :
The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffused, is still the same :
He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.
- 3 But Oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise :
Cease, cease, your songs ; the daring flight control ;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep, within your inmost hearts, adore him.
Mrs. Barbauld.

51. C. M.

The Coming and Kingdom of Christ. Ps. xcvi.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ;
The long-predicted king :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
To earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Thus God displays his truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Watts, alt'd.

52. C. M.

God Kind and Merciful. Ps. cxlv. 14—19.

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or want assails the breast,
Thy love can smooth the invader's frown,
And give the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

- 5 His mercy never will remove
 From men of heart sincere,—
 From those, whose humble, fervent love
 Is joined with holy fear.

Watts, alt'd.

53. 7 s. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 Who by wisdom did create
 Heaven's expanse, and all its state:
 And the solid earth ordain
 How to rise above the main:
 Who, by his commanding might,
 Fill'd the new made world with light:
- 4 Caus'd the golden tressed sun,
 All the day his course to run;
 And the moon to shine by night,
 Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed,
 His full hand supplies their need;
 Let us therefore warble forth
 His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high,
 Above the reach of mortal eye;
 And his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Milton.

54. 7 s. M.

Praise to God, the Sovereign King. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 **LIFT** your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heavenly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Honour pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record;
Through the various realms of earth,
Praise him all of human birth:
- 3 Him, whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky;
And the orbs that gild the pole,
Bade through boundless ether roll:
- 4 Him, who, o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great eternal King,
Raise your voice, and joyful sing;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

Merrick.

55. L. M.

The House of God.

- 1 **Lo!** God is here; let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

- 2 Lo! God is here : him day and night
United choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill :
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.
- 4 More of thy presence, Lord ! impart ;
More of thine image may we bear :
Erect thy throne within our heart,
And reign without a rival there.

Salisbury Coll.

56. C. M.

Unprofitableness under Gospel Privileges.

- 1 ~~Long~~ have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- Lord ! ere our feet again retire
From this devoted place,
Our feeble purposes inspire
With thine awakening grace.
- 4 Oh ! shed anew through every heart
A glow of love divine ;
Nor let thy fear from us depart,
Till we are wholly thine.

Watts, partly.

57. P. M.

The Divine Blessing implored.

- 1 **LORD !** dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love :
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.
- 2 **Thanks** we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Toplady's Coll. alt'd.

58. C. M.

Worship of the God of Holiness. Ps. v.

- 1 **LORD !** in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 **Then** to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 3 **O** may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace !
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

- 4 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 5 But they who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

Watts, alt'd.

59. L. M.

'There remaineth a Rest for the People of God.' Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin ;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine !

Doddridge;

60. H. M.

Delight in Public Worship. Ps. lxxxiv.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To thine abode My heart aspires,
 With warm desires, To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still; And happy they
 Who love the way To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat, When God our King
 Shall thither bring Our willing feet!
Watts.

61. C. M.

Universal Goodness of God.

1 LORD! thou art good; all nature shows
 Its mighty Author kind:
 Thy bounty through creation flows,
 Full, free, and unconfined.

- 2 The whole and every part proclaims
Thine infinite good will;
It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
 - 3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide,
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
 - 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
And its rich stores, all bounteous God!
Shall still keep flowing on.
 - 5 Through the vast whole it pours supplies;
Spreads joy through all its parts:
O may such love attract our eyes,
And captivate our hearts!
 - 6 High admiration let it raise,
And kind affection move;
Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
And fill our hearts with love!
- Browne, alt'd.

62. P. M.

‘The Day is thine, the Night also is thine.’ Ps. lxxiv. 16—17.

- 1 My God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv’st the night and thou the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
 ' The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
 In every form by thee impressed,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,—
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
 But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
 Attune the wandering soul to praise ;
 And be the joys that most we prize,
 The joys that from thy favour rise !

Miss Williams.

63. L. M.

The Greatness of God. Ps. cxlv.

- 1 MY GOD ! my King ! O may thy praise
 Fill all the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 And after death exalt my song !
- 2 May every opening morning bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And every setting sun still see
 New works of duty done for thee !

- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let land to land aloud proclaim
The matchless honour of thy name.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds !
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

Watts.

64. S. M.

Seeking God. Ps. lxxiii.

- 1 My God ! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my earnest cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not all that earth and sense can yield,
So pure a pleasure give.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Watts.

65. P. M.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 My soul ! praise the Lord,
 Speak good of his name ;
 His mercies record,
 His bounties proclaim :
 To God, their Creator,
 Let all creatures raise.
 The song of thanksgiving.
 The chorus of praise
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight
 God sits on his throne,
 Yet here, by his works,
 Their Author is known :
 The world shines a mirror
 Its Maker to show,
 And heaven views its image
 Reflected below.
- 3 Those agents of power,
 Fire, water, earth, sky,
 Attest the dread might
 Of God the Most High ;
 Who rides on the whirlwind
 While clouds veil his form ;
 Who smiles in the sunbeam,
 Or frowns in the storm.
- 4 By knowledge supreme,
 By wisdom divine,
 God governs this earth
 With gracious design :
 O'er beast, bird, and insect,
 His providence reigns,
 Whose will first created,
 Whose love still sustains.

- 5 And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renewed;
To God, his Creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

Park.

66. P. M.

Praise to God from all Nature. Ps. cxlviii

- 1 O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy!
Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.
- 2 O light! thou fairest, first of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
O praise the almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee as his imperial robe!
- 3 Great eye of all! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day;
O praise his name, without whose purer light,
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night!
- 4 Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift to perform the mandates of his word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise the almighty Lord!
- 5 Praise him, old monuments of time!
O praise him, ye in youthful prime!
All ye who shine in beauty's excellence!
And praise him, thou sweet age of innocence!

6 Let the wide world his praises sing,
 From whom its various blessings spring :
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known,
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne!
Roscommon.

67. S. M.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Blessings. Ps. ciii. 1—7.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, our souls !
 Let all within us join,
 And aid our tongues to bless his name,
 Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, our souls !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives our sins,
 'Tis he relieves our pain ;
 'Tis he that heals our sicknesses,
 And gives us strength again.
- 4 He crowns our lives with love,
 When rescued from the grave ;
 He, who redeems our souls from death,
 From every ill can save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest ;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And mercy for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

68. P. M.

The God and Father of Christ to be praised.

- 1 **O COME**, all ye sons of Adam! and raise
A song unto God: how lovely his praise!
Adore him who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with the tokens of love.
- 2 His breath is your life; your reason, a ray
Effused from his light to guide all your way;
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.
- 3 Dash down your false gods of silver and stone;
Jehovah is God; him worship alone:
His prophet, his Son, his salvation receive;
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.
- 4 O Father of men? in mercy command
The gospel to shine throughout every land;
That, far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name.

Scott.

69. 8, 8, 6 M.

The Power and Goodness of God.

- 1 **O COME** and sing your Maker's name!
With cheerful thanks his praise proclaim,
For ye are all his own,—
All, from the angel to the worm:
The vernal breeze, the raging storm,
Confess him Lord alone.
- 2 He gives the world yon orb of light,
He bids the moon shine mildly bright,
He wields the balanced earth;

He makes the seasons duly yield;
His dews refresh the grassy field,
And give its treasures birth.

3 'Tis God, who swells the tender seeds,
And man with strengthening bread provides,
And heart-rejoicing wine:
He holds the lightning in his hand;
The host of heaven, the sea, the land,
Confess his power divine.

4 His rainbow still proclaims on high,
That mercy, to repentance nigh,
Which never shall abate;
The morning on the midnight calls,
The day exclaims, 'till evening falls,
That God is good and great:—

5 Great, when the thunder rolls along;
Great, in the streams of ocean strong,
The light, the fountains sweet:
Great God! if thus thy praises be,
Make this devoted heart for thee
A sanctuary meet.

* Translated from the German.

70. L. M.

Praise to the One Supreme. Ps. xcv.

1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 O let us to his courts repair
And bow with adoration there;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs!

- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
His mercy, highest heaven transcends,
His truth, beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
Tate, transposed.

71. C. M.

Jacob's Vow. Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

- 1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole souls resign;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have is thine.

Doddridge.

72. C. M.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee, all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses thee;
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Patrick.

73. C. M.

Imploring the Compassion of God.

- 1 O God! whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook;
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look.

- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord! aid us with thy heavenly grace
Our truest bliss to find;
Nor sternly judge our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

74. L. M.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 O how delightful is the road
That leads us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.
- 2 O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long concealed;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word revealed.
- 3 For thee, O Lord! our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands;
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart, and liberal hands.

J. Taylor.

75. C. M.

God the Creator.

- 1 O LORD, how excellent thy name !
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works
In characters of gold !
- 2 On heaven's immeasurable face,
In lines immensely great ;
In small, on every leaf and flower,
Creator God is writ.
- 3 Though reason be not given to all,
Nor voice to thee, O sun !
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.
- 4 From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echoed round ;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound.
- 5 Angels, the eldest sons of God,
Began the lofty song ;
They saw the heavens expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.
- 6 Then man, the last and noblest work
Of all this lower frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
Confessed from whence he came.
- 7 O let us all give praise to God,
And magnify his name ;
The wonders of his power and love
Let the whole world proclaim !

76. P. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord ! prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.
 - 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King ;
The God whom we worship, our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.
 - 3 Be joyful, ye saints ! sustained by his might,
And let your glad song awake with each morn ;
For those who obey him are still his delight,
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
 - 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join :
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- Doddridge.

77. P. M.

Praise to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

- 1 O SING to the Lord a new song !
Let the universe join in the strain ;
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends :
How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings he sends !

2 In the beauty of holiness bow :
 O worship with fear and with love!
 How solemn his temples below !
 How glorious his presence above !
 Proclaim to the nations around,
 That our God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
 Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
 Whose purpose unaltered remains !

3 O let the wide heavens rejoice,
 The earth with her myriads be glad !
 The ocean shall join his loud voice,
 And the woods in rich verdure be clad :
 Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
 Prepare ! for his judgment is nigh :
 Before him all nations shall stand ;
 No guilt from his justice can fly.

† J. Taylor.

78. L. M.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

1 O SOURCE of uncreated light !
 By whom the worlds were raised from night.
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy matchless energy ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in our way.

Dryden.

(84)

79. L. M.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

- 1 O THOU, through all thy works adored !
Great Power Supreme ! Almighty Lord !
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey !
- 2 To thee, Most High ! to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song ;
To thee will we attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.
- 3 Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move ;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their Maker shine.
- 4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the coloured bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.
- 5 Tempests obey thy mighty will ;
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.
- 6 The varying seasons all are thine,
All governed by thy hand divine ;
Supporting, through thy constant care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.
- 7 To thee, of life the eternal spring,
Invisible, all-powerful King,
One chorus let all creatures raise,
One hymn of universal praise.

Enfield.

80. C. M.

Divine Condescension. Ps. viii.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame !
Through all the world, how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky
With stars of feebler light ;—
- 3 Lord, what is man, that he is blessed
With thy peculiar care !
Why on his offspring is conferred,
Of love so large a share !
- 4 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
Ordained with dignity and might
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 5 All, his imperial will obey :
The beast that treads the plain ;
The bird that wings its airy way ;
The fish that skims the main.
- 6 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame !
Through all the world, how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

Tate, alt'd.
(86)

81. 10s. M.

Divine Light implored.

- 1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides!
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man, in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

† Dr. Johnson.

82. 8 & 7 s. M.

All Creatures invoked to praise God.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail:
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

† Dublin Coll.

83. 7 s. M.

Praise to God in Prosperity and Adversity. Hab. iii. 17, 18

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice ;
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store :
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :
- 8 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;

- Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :
- 9 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. Barbauld.

84. 8 & 7 s. M.

The God of Mercy adored.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous Source of every joy ;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy !
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise. -
- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling ;
Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here no awful thunder rolls :
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within !
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

† J. Taylor.

85. 8 & 7 s. M.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from every tongue ;
Join, my soul ! with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Fawcett.

86. L. M.

God's Perfections, and his Love to the Righteous. Ps. cxlvii

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound ;
His counsels are a deep profound.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might ;
Kind are his ways, his judgments right :
He loves the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the humble from the dust.
- 4 His saints are precious in his sight ;
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and owns his image there.

Watts, alt'd.

(96)

87. C. M.

Solemn Call to Praise. Ps. xcv.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 Repeat his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 3 How large his tender mercies are !
How wide his power extends !
On his beneficence and care
The universe depends.
- 4 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, bow before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !

Watts, alt'd.

88. L. M.

God's Names, the Encouragement of Faith. Ps. ix. 10.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !
- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
The eternal all-sufficient Lord ;
He, through the world, Most High confessed,
By whom 'twas formed, and is possessed.

- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abram, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son..
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name ?
The same his power, his love the same !
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread ;
For God will guard where God shall lead.
Doddridge.

89. C. M.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of the soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may we behold
A God of purity !

Mrs. Barbault.

90. C. M.

Close of the Evening Service.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past ;
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend ;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end :
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve ;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

Kippis' Coll.

91. P. M.

Thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Lord of light and glory !
Author of our mortal frame !
Joyfully we bow before thee,
And extol thy holy name :
Hallelujah !
Ever sacred be the theme !
- 2 Kind dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race !
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace :
Hallelujah !
Praise to God, immortal praise !

3 Thus, with humble adoration,
 We attend before thy throne ;
 And with grateful exultation,
 Thine abundant mercy own :
 Hallelujah !
 Praise belongs to thee alone !

4 In thy every dispensation,
 Love and mercy we descry ;
 Thou, the God of our salvation !
 To preserve us, still art nigh :
 Hallelujah !
 Glory be to God on high !

† Exeter Coll.

92. L. M.

Religious Worship. Ps. xcii.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God ! my King !
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 When earthly cares forsake the breast,
 When our best powers to God we raise,
 And the whole heart's attuned to praise.
- 3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works and bless his word :
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 Lord ! may we walk with growing strength
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before thy face appear
 And join in nobler worship there.

- 5 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired, or wished, below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Watts, alt'd.

93. C. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated. Ps. xpxvi.

- 1 THE glories, Lord ! thy works proclaim,
Our pious wonder raise ;
Thy word still more reveals thy name
And more exalts thy praise.
- 2 The numerous worlds thy hands have made,
Thy power almighty teach ;
The plans thy forming wisdom laid,
Through endless ages reach.
- 3 Thy righteousness maintains its throne,
Though mountains sink to dust ;
Thy judgments are a deep unknown,
Yet always wise and just.
- 4 Thy mercies, far beyond the rounds
Of earth and heaven extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.
- 5 Unbounded is thy goodness, Lord !
How bright its wonders shine !
Of present, past, and future good,
The glory all be thine.
- 6 Incline us, Lord ! as in thy sight,
To keep thy holy ways ;
And all our noblest powers unite,
To celebrate thy praise.

+ Exeter Coll.

94. L. M.

The Excellency and final Success of the Gospel. Ps. xix.

- 1 **THE** heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 O may his noon-day glory rise,
To bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy richest mercy here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord! cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

Watts.

95. C. M.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

- 1 **THE** heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

† Drennan.

96. L. M.

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

- 1 THERE is a God all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!
- 2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around;
The fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crowned.
- 4 The flowery tribes all blooming rise,
Above the faint attempts of art;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5 What man that views creation round,
Can fail to own almighty power?
Confess the God with awe profound,
Come, bow before him, and adore!

Mrs. Steele.

97. C. M.

The Majesty of God. Ps. xviii. 9—10.

1 THE LORD descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

Sternhold.

98. L. M.

The Voice of God in his Works. Ps. xix. 1—6.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :

While all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;—
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found:—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Addison.

99. L. M.

Instrumental Duties of Religion vain without Obedience.

- 1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord! to thee:
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than fragrant groves, or fertile fields.
- 4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

Scott.

100. C. M.

Divine Aid implored.

- 1 **THINE** influence, mighty God! is felt,
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord! we need
To form our hearts anew;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show!
- 3 Father of light! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death;
And with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

Salisbury Coll.

101. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning. Ps. cxviii. 24.

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 This day arose our glorious head,
And death's dread empire fell ;
This day the saints his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race !
- 4 Hosanna ! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Watts.

102. C. M.

Providence Kind and Bountiful.

- 1 Thy kingdom, Lord ! for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.
- 3 Holy and just are all thy ways ;
Thy goodness is divine ;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.
- 4 Thy praise, O God ! delightful theme !
Shall fill my heart and tongue :
Let all creation bless thy name
In one eternal song.

Mrs. Steele.

103. C. M.

Supplication for the Divine Blessing on the Word.

- 1 **THY** gracious aid, great God ! impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 2 **O** speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die !

Watts.

104. C. M.

Praise to the God of the Seasons. Ps. lxx.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !
The sea grows calm at thy command ;
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light, and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring :
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons, and times, and days, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine :
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear :
Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Watts.

105. L. M.

Praise for the Blessings given through Jesus.

- 1 To God, of every good the spring,
The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth through Jesus given,
Mercy, and peace, and hopes of heaven.
- 2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name;
Salvation—shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.
- 3 Tell every fearful trembling soul,
That gospel grace will make him whole:
Invite the weary poor to come;
At Jesus' feast there still is room.
- 4 Jesus—that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,
Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
And give the weary mourner rest.
- 5 Jesus—our Prophet, Saviour, King,—
For Jesus, grateful praise we bring
To thee, from whom his blessings flowed,
To thee, our Father and our God!
† Exeter Coll.

106. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

- 1 We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou, who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
(103)

- 2 Rich day of holy thoughtful rest!
 May we improve thy calm repose,
 And in God's service truly blessed,
 Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart
 Now fall and dwell, as heavenly dew,
 And flowers of grace in freshness start
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his sheltering throne.

*

107. 8, 8, 6 M.

All Nature proclaiming the Glory of God.

- 1 We sing of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all things depend;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise,
 Commence, and reign, and end.
- 2 The world, the clustering spheres he made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, campaign, grove, and hill;
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where nature joys in secret bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.
- 3 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
 And smitten to the heart,
 At once, above, beneath, around,
 All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, O Lord, THOU ART!

† Part of Smart's lost 'Song of David,' alt'd.

108. C. M.

The Perfections of God displayed in his Works.

- 1 We sing the almighty power of God,
Who bade the mountains rise ;
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food ;
Who formed his creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord ! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er we turn our eyes,
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.
- 5 There's not a plant nor flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But thou art with us still.
- 7 On thee each moment we depend ;
We live beneath thine eye :
O may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh !

Watts, alt'd.

109. L. M.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

- 1 **WHEN**, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

Mrs. Barbauld.

110. C. M.

The Acceptable Offering. Micah vi. 6—8.

- 1 **WHEREWITH** shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for our guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these our earnest wish succeed,
And make our God our friend?
- 3 Let no such hopes our souls delude;
Such pompous rites are vain;
But God has shown us what is good,
And how his love to gain.

4. To men, their rights we must allow,
And proofs of kindness give ;
To God, with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.
- 5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise ;
And cheerful duty will prefer
To costly sacrifice.

Browne:

111. 61. L. M.

Supplication for Spiritual Light. Ps. cxix.

- 1 WHILE here, as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord ! thy way ;
Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law ;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.
- 2 Great Source of life to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know :
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight ;
In every heart let wisdom shine,
And give us purity divine.
- 3 Maker, Instructor, Judge of all !
O hear us, when on thee we call !
Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord ! inspire ;
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

Merrick, alt'd.

112. L. M.

God the Eternal Sovereign. Ps. xciii.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, who o'er all nature reigns,
At first the world's foundations laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
 - 2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change nor period see!
For thou, O Lord! and thou alone
Art God, to all eternity.
 - 3 The floods, O Lord! lift up their voice,
The floods lift up their waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And straight the mighty waves comply.
 - 4 Lord! as thy power can never fail,
So all thy promises are sure;
'Tis thy perfection to be true,
And theirs that serve thee, to be pure.
- Tate and Patrick, alt'd.

113. L. M.

Praise to God. Ps. c.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless !
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Tate.

114. C. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated. Ps. lxxxix. 7--15.

- 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And own his sovereign word.
- 2 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand ;
He bids the vapours rise ;
And wind, and storms, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 3 His voice can raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
He bids the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 4 The northern pole and southern, rest
On his supporting hand ;
Darkness and day, from east to west
Move round at his command.
- 5 Justice and judgment are his throne,
Yet boundless is his grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near his face.

Watts and Tate, alt'd.

115. L. M.

All Nations called upon to Praise God. Ps. c.

- 1 YE nations round the earth ! rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
And his unrivalled glories sing.
- 2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
Doth life and all its blessings give ;
And still his guardian care we own,
And still upon his bounty live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;
With praises in his courts appear ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 For God, and he alone, is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth hath always firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Watts.

116. L. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated.

- 1 YE sons of men ! in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise :
But who an equal song can frame ?
What verse can reach the lofty theme !
- 2 He sits enthroned amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears ;
While boundless wisdom, power and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

(116)

- 3 To God, all nature owes its birth;
He formed this ponderous globe of earth;
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.
- 4 'Tis he who bids the tempests rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies;
His voice the elements obey;
Wide o'er the earth extends his sway.
- 5 In every work and way divine,
Omnipotence and wisdom shine;
And goodness fixes still the end,
To which they all unvarying tend.
- 6 His power we trace on every side;
O may his wisdom be our guide;
And while we live, and when we die,
May his almighty love be nigh!

Pope's Coll. alt'd.

117. L. M.

Power and Goodness of God. Ps. cvii. 31.

- 1 YE sons of men! with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Lo! the high heavens your songs invite,—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

- 4 But O that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love!
Thither, my soul ! with rapture soar,
There, in the land of praise, adore.
Doddridge.

118. L. P. M.

Power and Goodness of God. Ps. xxxiii.

- 1 YE who delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record !
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
His word its firm foundations laid ;
And by the orders of his mouth,
Wide as they shine from north to south,
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Whose proudest waves his laws obey,
In the vast storehouse of the deep :
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
And winds, and waters, heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 His goodness, equal to his power,
Loads with its blessings every hour,
And spreads the wide creation o'er :
On the whole earth his bounties rest ;
Through the whole earth his name be blessed ;
Since all receive, let all adore.

119. H. M.

Praise to God from his Works. Ps. cxlviii.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam ! join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Wide as he reigns, His name be sung
By every tongue, In endless strains,

- 2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word, And all their frame
From nothing came, To praise the Lord.

- 3 All have obeyed his will,
Through unknown ages past,
And shall his word fulfil,
While time and nature last.

In different ways, His works proclaim
His wondrous name, And speak his praise.

- 4 To God, the sovereign Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :

Wide as he reigns, His name be sung
By every tongue, In endless strains
Watts.

120. 8, 8, 6 M.

All Beings invoked to Praise God.

- 1 YE works of God ! on him alone—
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestowed ;

Whose hand this beauteous fabric made
 Whose eye the finished whole surveyed
 And saw that all was good.

2 Ye sons of men! his praise display,
 Who stamped his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move:
 Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

3 Ye spirits of the good and just,
 Who on his word of promise trust,
 And daily upward soar!
 O let your songs his praise display
 Till nature's self shall waste away,
 And time shall be no more!

4 Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
 Who shall those heavenly joys obtain,
 Prepared for souls sincere!
 O praise him till you take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 To dwell for ever there!

Merrick.
 (114)

PART SECOND.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

121. L. M.

Persecution and Intolerance, absurd.

- 1 **ABSURD** and vain attempt, to bind
With iron chains, the free-born mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame !
- 2 **Bold arrogance**, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone !
- 3 **Our blessed Master's law of love**
Does no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as himself, his doctrine wields
No arms but those persuasion yields.
- 4 **By proofs divine, and reasons strong**,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to his church acquires
By eloquence, which heaven inspires.

Scott.

122. L. M.

‘Affliction cometh not forth of the Dust.’ Job v. 6.

- 1 AFFLICTION’s faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye ;
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o’er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heaven she draws her sacred birth :
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his dread commands.
- 3 Oft as in pleasure’s paths we stray,
Perplexed in sin’s deceitful way,
With storms she thunders o’er our heads,
And sudden ruin round us spreads.
- 4 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 5 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
And from her lips these accents steal,
‘God smites to bless, he wounds to heal!’
† Drummond, alt’d.

123. C. M.

The Light and Glory of God’s Word.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let endless thanks, O God! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 With steadfast zeal may we pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

Cowper.

124. L. M.

Holy Resolution.

- 1 Ah! wretched souls, who still remain
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blessed employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wander from thy sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desires
 And give me strength to live thy praise !
 Mrs. Steele.

125. C. M.

The vegetable Creation, an Emblem of the Resurrection of Man

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
 The flowers that paint the field,
 The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign the honours of their form
 At winter's stormy blast ;
 And leave the naked leafless plain
 A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
 Anew shall deck the plain ;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.
- 4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
 Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
 Until the eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest,
 Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
 And mingle with the blessed !
- 6 Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
 I'll wait heaven's high decree,
 Till the appointed period come
 When death shall set me free.

126. C. M.

The Law of Love.

- 1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force ;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love ;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.
- 3 More perfect bond, the christian plan
Attaches soul to soul ;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.
- 4 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blessed.

Drennan.

127. L. M.

The Immutability of God.

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crowned;
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destined path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the worlds his devious track:
- 6 Earth may with all her powers dissolve.
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

Walker's Coll

128. L. M.

Candour.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all!
Thy servant to his bar shall call;
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful we improve our light,—
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

5 When shall our happy eyes behold
All Christians fashioned in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove
Derived from thee, O God of love!

Scott.

129. L. M.

'The Earth is full of thy Riches.' Ps. civ. 24.

1 ALMIGHTY! listen while we raise
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise,
That thou hast given our erring race
So bright, so fair a dwelling place;—

2 That when this orb of sea and land
Was moulded in thy forming hand,
Thy smile a beam of heaven impressed
In beauty, on its ample breast:

3 And raised the hills, and sunk between
The vales' deep pathway, broad and green;
And stretched the plain to where the sky
Stoops, and shuts in the exploring eye,

4 And made them firm for tread of feet:
Gave pleasant shades, and waters sweet,
And fanning airs, and freshening showers,
And sprinkled earth with fruits and flowers;

5 And spread around the billowy plains
Of the green ocean,—nurse of rains;
Hung high the glorious sun, and set
Nights' cressets in her arch of jet.

- 6 Lord ! teach us, while the unsated gaze,
Delighted, on thy works delays,
To deem the forms of beauty here,
But shadows of a brighter sphere.** *

130. L. M.

Preservation from Sin implored.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat ;**
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray
To guide us in the doubtful way ;
And o'er us hold thy shield of power,
To guard us in the dangerous hour.**
- 3 Teach us the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.**
- 4 Each noble principle impart ;
That faith which sanctifies the heart,
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love that warms with holy fires.**
- 5 Whate'er is honest, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may our constant zeal pursue,
That may we love and practise too.**
- 6 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Allure our wandering souls aside ;
Nor tempt us from the narrow road,
Which leads to happiness and God.**

Rev. Henry Moore.

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131. C. M.

Aspiration after the Christian Temper.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** Maker! Lord of all!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumbered worlds!
Supreme, eternal King!
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit;
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 4 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known:
O give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own!
- 6 Feed me with necessary food;
I ask not wealth nor fame:
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.
- 7 Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness, my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

Select Coll.

132. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **AND** is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 **Whene'er** the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 **O** how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 **To** do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 5 **Dispensing** good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we bear the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

Mrs. Steele.

133. 7 s. M.

Christ risen, and Death vanquished.

- 1 **ANGEL!** roll the rock away:
Death! yield up thy mighty prey:
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom! Hallelujah!

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- 2 Mortals ! shout in rapturous song,
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new born.
- 3 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs !
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres :
Sons of men ! in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 4 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell :
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?
Scott.

134. L. M.

The Day of Judgment. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

- 1 ARISE, my soul ! extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things ;
And meditate the awful day,
When this vain world shall pass away.
- 2 The wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 3 Children of Adam ! all appear,
The great decisive sentence hear ;
For as his lips pronounce, ye go
To realms of bliss, or realms of wo.
- 4 Lord ! to my eyes this scene display,
Frequent, through each returning day ;
That,—lost in this each meaner care,
I may to meet my Judge prepare.
Deddridge.

135. L. M.

‘Faith without Works is dead.’ James ii. 26.

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy’s shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord ! to thee,
Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord ;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.
- 4 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious breast it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 5 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where’er it winds its secret way ;
But where these spring not, rich and fair,
The fount has never wandered there.

† Drummond.

136. P. M.

Acquiescence in the Will of God.

- 1 AUTHOR of good ! we rest on thee :
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide!
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply;
The good, unasked, O Father! grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

Merrick.

137. 11 s. M.

‘Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.’ Luke iii. 4.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill:
The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o’er the dark world pour the splendour of
day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering
to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and
even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches
abroad.

† Drummond.

138. L .M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.**
- 2 **Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led.**
- 3 **See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.**
- 4 **Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.**
- 5 **Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.**
- 6 **The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell :
The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear !**

Mrs. Barbauld.

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139. L. M.

Personal Virtues.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! rouse every power,
Thy native dignity display :
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleased with every state;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites ;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes,
Fix them on those divine delights,
Reserved for saints above the skies.
- 4 With eager zeal pursue the prize ;
Each fleeting hour of life improve :
This course will speak thee truly wise,
And raise thee to the world above.

Browne.

140. C. M.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 My soul! with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the immortal prize;
Nor let the glittering toys of earth,
Allure thy wandering eyes.

Doddridge, transposed.

141. L. M.

Divine Majesty and Goodness in Storms and Rain. Ps. clv.

- 1 AWAKE my soul! to hymns of praise;
To God the song of triumph raise:
Adorned with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord! are thine.
- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread:
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings!
- 3 Around him ranged in awful state,
Dark silent storms attentive wait,
And thunders, ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sovereign will.
- 4 From earth's low margin to the skies,
He bids the dusky vapours rise;
Then, from his magazines on high,
Commands the imprisoned winds to fly.

- 5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrowed lands ;
While down the mountain's channeled side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride :
- 6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destined course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.
- 7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And while thy terrors round us stand,
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

Merrick, as alt'd. in Belknap's Coll.

142. C. M.

Triumph in the Prospect of future Glory. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints ! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature ! speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers ! decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Doddridge.

143. S. M.

Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the amazing sight,
 The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
 Expire in agony !
- 2 We see, and we admire,
 In sympathy of love ;
We feel the strong attractive power,
 To lift our souls above.
- 3 Drawn by such cords as these,
 Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour, to confess
 The energy divine.
- 4 In him our hearts unite,
 Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
 To his triumphant throne.

Doddridge.

144. S. M.

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Prince of peace,
 The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
 The sure prophetic word !
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
 This king of righteousness ;
But meekness, patience, truth and love,
 Compose his princely dress.

- 3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path which Christ hath marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

Needham.

145. L. M.

The better Part. Luke x. 43.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand :
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage our roving treacherous heart,
To choose the wise, the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwrecks shall we fear,
But all our treasures with us bear.
- 4 If thou, our Father ! still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thousand worlds in thee.

Doddridge.

146. C. M.

Christian Charity.

- 1 BEHOLD! where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands;
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.
- 3 'Blessed is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;
- 4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's wo to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

- 8 To him protection shall be shown ;
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those, who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.'

Mrs. Barbauld.

147. C. M.

The Example of Jesus.

- 1 BEHOLD ! where, in a mortal form,
 'Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found,
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood ;
 His foes ungrateful sought his life,—
 He laboured for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
 And still his task pursued,
 While humble prayer, and holy faith,
 His fainting strength renewed.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resigned, he bowed and said,
 'Thy will, not mine, be done !'

7 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
 His image may we bear !
 O may we tread his holy steps,
 His joy and glory share !

Enfield.

148. S. M.

‘Blessed are the Meek.’ Mat. v. 5.

- 1 ‘BLESSED are the meek,’ he said,
 Whose doctrine is divine ;
 The humble-minded earth possess,
 And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,
 Calm peace with them shall dwell,
 And cheerful hope, and heavenly joy,
 Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;
 They own his gracious sway ;
 And yielding all their wills to him,
 His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,
 No envy fires their breast ;
 The prospect of eternal peace,
 Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father ! grant
 That we this influence feel,
 That all we hope, or wish, may be
 Subjected to thy will !
- 6 Thus Christ our Lord to own,
 Thus thee our God obey,
 Ensures us peace and joy on earth,
 And leads to realms of day.

† Exeter Coll.

149. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection, the Pledge of ours. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

- 1 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
 - 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
 - 3 What though his uncontrolled decree
Command our flesh to dust;
Since Christ, our pledge and pattern, rose,
So all his followers must.
 - 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis incorrupted, undefiled,
And fadeth not away.
 - 5 We by thy power, O God! are kept,
Till this deliverance come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till thou shalt call us home.
- Watts, alt'd.

150. C. M.

The Reunion of virtuous Friends after Death.

- 1 BLESSED hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,—
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.

- 2 The parent finds the long-lost child ;
 Brothers on brothers gaze ;
 The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise.
 - 3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
 With endless bliss is crowned ;
 All that was dead, revives again ;
 All that was lost, is found.
 - 4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
 New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 The soul's expanded powers.
 - 5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
 Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.
 - 6 Their Father marks their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down ;
 The smile that owns their filial claim
 Is their immortal crown.
- † Liverpool (Paradise st.) Coll.

151. C. M.

Trust in God founded on the Fear of God.

- 1 BLESSED is the man who fears the Lord :
 His well established mind,
 In every varying scene of life,
 Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
 The heavenly footsteps lie ;
 It on a glorious world beyond,
 His faith can fix its eye.

- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.
- 5 No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright ;
For faith assures his humble heart,
Whatever is, is right.

† Exeter Coll.

152. H. M.

The Gospel-Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye wandering sinners ! home.
- 2 Behold the Son of God,
Commissioned from above,
To all the human race
The messenger of love ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye contrite sinners ! home.
- 3 The gospel-trumpet sounds ;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye pardoned sinners ! home.

Rippon's Coll. alt'd.

153. L. M.

God Incomprehensible. Job xxvi.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 4 These are a portion of his ways :
But who shall utter all his praise !
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand !

Watts.

154. C. M.

Christian Equity.

- 1 COME, let us search our ways, and try ;
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim ?

- 3 Have we ne'er envied others' good,
Ne'er envied others' praise?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor used detraction's ways?
- 4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turned from another's woe?
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast,
Have we abhorred to show?
- 5 Then may we raise our humble prayer
To God, the just and kind;
May thankful cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.
- 6 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity condemn;
Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

Watts.

155. C. M.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners. Mat. xi. 28—30.

- 1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears oppressed;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind;
And thus your wearied troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before,
Beneath a load of woes.

† Scotch Paraphrases.

156. 7 s. M.

Christ's Invitations. Mat. xi. 28.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim ! hither come.
- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim ! hither haste.
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
Who the stings of guilt can bear !
- 5 Sinner ! come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Barbauld.

157. L. M.

'Blessed are they that mourn.' Mat. v. 4.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blessed alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall beam again
From lids that now o'erflow with tears,
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier,
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Nor hopeless sorrow break the heart,
That spurned of men, fears not to die.
- 6 For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

158. L. M.

Faith in the Invisible God. Heb. xi. 27.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendours none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God! on thee.

- 2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Salisbury Coll.

162. S. M.

Heaven. Rev. vii. 15—17.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

- 4 No cloud those regions know,
 For ever bright and fair ;
 For sin, the source of mortal wo,
 Can never enter there.
- 5 There night is never known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
 But glory from the eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 O may this prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love !
 And lively faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

Mrs. Steele, alt'd.

163. C. M.

Religious Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where sin is waging still
 Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Thou source of light divine!
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Father!—thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,—
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more!

Cowper.

164. C. M.

The Law of Love.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace!
 The unfeeling heart remove;
 And form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts
 The generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' wo!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 O be the law of love fulfilled,
 In every act and thought;
 Each angry passion far removed,
 Each selfish view forgot!
- 5 Be thou, my heart! dilated wide
 With this kind social grace;
 And, in one grasp of fervent love,
 All earth and heaven embrace.

Doddridge.
 (148)

165. C. M.

Trust in God through all the Changes of Life

- 1 **FATHER** divine ! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vigorous youth and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
Oppressed with wo, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme !
O still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

John Taylor.

166. L. M.

Reverence and Love to Jesus.

- 1 **FATHER** of Jesus ! God of love !
Of every joy and hope the spring ;
For the rich grace by him bestowed,
To thee our grateful praise we bring.
- 2 Of pardon and eternal life
Thy mercy formed the gracious plan ;
And Jesus, sent by thee, conveyed
The glorious news to sinful man.

- 3 To seal the covenant which he brought,
 He passed through suffering, shame, and death;
 And shall not we his claims revere,
 And love him to our latest breath?
- 4 O may his love our hearts inspire
 His holy precepts to obey;
 His spirit ever be our own,
 His promise cheer in life's last day!
- 5 And when we stand before his bar,
 May Jesus own us as his friends;
 Then to his glory we shall rise,
 And share the bliss which never ends.

† Exeter Coll.

167. C. M.

Imploping Divine Guidance.

- 1 FATHER of light! conduct my feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road;
 Let each advancing step, still bring
 Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
 And when I go astray,
 Recal my feet from folly's path,
 To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
 To keep my end in sight;
 And while I tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart;
 And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart;

- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love!
 And all my darkness be dispersed
 In endless light above.

Smart.

168. C. M.

Praise to God through all the Changes of Life.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! God of love!
 My Father, and my God!
 I'll sing the honours of thy name,
 And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life,
 Thy thoughts of love appear;
 Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
 And crown each passing year.
- 3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
 A Father's bounty see;
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,
 Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
 To own thy hand, O God!
 And in submissive silence hear
 The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 Through every changing state of life,
 Each bright, each clouded scene,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then may I close my eyes in death,
 Free from all anxious fear;
 For death itself, my God! is life,
 If thou be with me there.

Huginbotham.

169. O. M.

The Vanity of Human Life.

- 1 FRAIL life of man—how short its stay,
And various as the wind !
Heedless we sport our hours away,
Nor think of death behind.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade,
Frail glory of an hour !
And blooming youth, with sickening head,
Droop like the dying flower.
- 3 Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like summer's insects dressed in gold,
That flutter, shine, and die.
- 4 Then rise, my soul ! and soar away
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendours of the proud ;
- 5 Where everlasting beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine ;
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories shine.

Rev. Henry Moore.

170. L. M.

Abiding in Christ. John vi. 68.

- 1 FROM Christ, my Lord, shall I depart,
And rase his image from my heart ;
Forsake the beams of heavenly day,
And follow nature's feeble ray ?

- 2 Treasures of power and grace divine
United, in my Saviour shine ;
Nor other name but his is given
To lead us to the joys of heaven.
- 3 True living bread his hands bestow ;
Pure living waters round him flow ;
And shall I from the fountain fly,
And in the parching desert die ?
- 4 Words of eternal life are stored,
In the rich gospel of my Lord :
Can I immortal hopes consign
To luxury's gulf, or mammon's mine ?
- 5 Forbid it, Author of my frame,
Great God, from whom my spirit came !
Thy Son can endless life bestow ;
To whom but him, then, should I go ?
† Christian Reformer, alt'd.

171. C. M.

Christian Purity.

- 1 FROM every thought and wish impure,
Great God ! preserve my soul ;
May every rebel passion bow
To thy divine control.
- 2 Sin has a thousand treacherous arts,
To lead the soul aside ;
Teach me her every art to shun,
And be my constant guide.
- 3 Ne'er let me venture to begin
The gay, enchanted round,
Where, in a thoughtless guilty maze,
The slaves of sin are found.

- 4 Lord ! grant me thine assisting grace,
Where'er I'm called to go ;
Upheld by thee, my cautious feet
The paths of peace shall know.
- 5 Through all the dangerous scenes of life,
My way still deign to trace ;
And after death may I behold,
With joy, thy holy face.

† Exeter Coll.

172. L. M.

Final Acceptance of all who fear God, and work Righteousness.
Rom. ii. 6—16.

- 1 FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blessed ;
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.
- 3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their honest claim.
- 4 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

Butcher.
(154)

173. L. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blessed volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
To life's last hour my soul employ,
And fit me for the heavenly joy.

Beddome.

174. C. M.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

175. L. M.

The Wisdom of Improving Time. Eph. v. 15, 16.

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time his being draw :
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent, but swift, they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men,
Along the mighty stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
That country whence there's no return.

- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show ;
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

Doddridge.

176. 7s. M.

Penitential.

- 1 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own :
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs !

J. Taylor

177. L. M.

Giving Thanks to God in all Things.

- 1 God of our lives ! our thanks to thee
Should, like thy gifts, continual be :
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our numerous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord ! be poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.
- 3 If what we ask our God denies,
It is because he's good and wise ;
And what for evils we mistake,
He can our greatest blessings make.
- 4 Deep, Lord ! upon the thankful breast
Let all thy favours be impressed,
That we may never more forget
The whole, or any single debt.
- 5 Dispose us, each revolving day,
For daily gifts, our thanks to pay ;
And though withdrawn those gifts should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

Browne, alt'd.

178. C. M.

God the Creator of Mankind.

- 1 God of our lives ! whose bounteous care
First gave us power to move ;
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love !

- 2 While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth,
Thy breath informed the sleeping clay,
And called us into birth.
- 3 Thine eye beheld in perfect view,
The yet unfinished plan;
The imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And formed the future man.
- 4 O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands!

Doddsley's Poems, alt'd.

179. L. M.

Devout Wishes for Guidance in the Christian Course. Ps. xix.

- 1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And robed in splendour, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!
- 2 O, like the sun, may we fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With steady mind, and active will,
Press on and keep our heavenly way!
- 3 Lord! thy commands are right and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give us thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to thy bliss:
May every wish and hope beside,
Be faint and cold compared with this!

Watts.

180. S. M.

Virtuous Desires. Ps. xxv. 8, 9. 12. 20.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who him in truth obey.
- 3 Give us the tender heart
That mingles fear with love;
And lead us through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 O ever keep our souls
From error, shame, and guilt!
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

Patrick.

181. c. M.

Divine Providence, and the Folly of Self-Dependence.

- 1 God reigns; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.
- 2 The swift, not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

- 3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest ;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord ! unblessed.
- 4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain ;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And send the genial rain.
- 5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform :
The sun shines bright at thy command ;
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 6 In all our ways, we humbly own
Thy providential power ;
Entrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

Scott, alt'd.

182. S. M.

' By Grace ye are saved.' Ephes. ii. 5.

- 1 GRACE—'tis a pleasing sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps display that grace
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee, there's nothing old appears,
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And glory give to thee.

Watts, alt'd.

186. L. M.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

Kippis.

187. C. M.

The Omnipresence and Providence of God.

- 1 GREAT God! how vast is thine abode!
Mysterious are thy ways!
Unseen, thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.
- 2 Yet the whole peopled world bespeaks
Thy being and thy power,
Mid the resplendent blaze of day,
And awful midnight hour.
- 3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains,—
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns;
- 4 Tempests and winds that sweep the sky,
Caverns and mountains bare,
Earthquakes and storms, and swelling waves,
Thy grandeur all declare.
- 5 Through all creation's widest range
The hand of heaven is near;
Where'er we wander in the world,
Lo! God is present there.

Jervis, alt'd.

188. L. M.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

GREAT God! my Father and my Friend,
Arhom I cast my constant care,
Whom for all things I depend!
Be my humble prayer.

- 2 **Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.**
- 3 **O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire !**
- 4 **O that my watchful soul may fly
The first perceived approach of sin ;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within !**
- 5 **Search, gracious God ! my inmost heart ;
From guilt and error set me free ;
Thy light and truth and peace impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.**
† Exeter Coll.

189. C. M.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **GREAT God of grace ! arise and shine,
With beams of heavenly light ;
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.**
- 2 **Let no inferior being share
The honours due to thee :
May every nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.**
- 3 **No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod ;
No longer shed the blood of saints
And plead a zeal for God**

Kippis.

- 4 With its own pure and native light,
Lord! may thy gospel shine;
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.
- 5 While heaven-born truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire;
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

Needham.

190. C. M.

God our Constant Benefactor.

- 1 GREAT God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks would raise:
Inspire our hearts to raise the songs
Which celebrate thy praise.
- 2 From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital powers;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.
- 3 Thy power, our ever-present guard,
From every ill defends;
While numerous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is our repose!
Thy morning light renews the springs
From whence our comfort flows.
- 5 In celebration of thy praise,
May we employ our breath;
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
We'll triumph over death.

Flexman.

191. C. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 GREAT God! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.
- 2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.
- 3 O may thy gracious presence, 'Lord!
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

Jervis.

192. L. M.

Christian Zeal tempered by Charity.

- 1 GREAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul!
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame;
Be charity their constant spring;
And O let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the offerings which I bring!
- 3 Let love with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will;
While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal;—

- 4 **That wisdom which to meekness turns,—
Wisdom descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.**

Watts.

193. L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ. Ps. lxxii. 1—9.

- 1 **GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Till every land his rule shall own.**
- 2 **The sceptre well becomes his hands,
And wise and good are his commands ;
His laws protect the humble poor,
And bid oppression rage no more.**
- 3 **They form to righteousness the mind,
To all that's candid, gentle, kind ;
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions sooth to rest.**
- 4 **As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round ;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.**
- 5 **The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darkness and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.**
- 6 **His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand,
Till all shall love thee and adore,
And vice and misery be no more.**

Watts.

194. L. M.

Trust in Divine Providence.

- 1 GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies !
Thy wealth the needy world supplies ;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.
- 2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below ;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.
- 3 On thee, O God ! would we depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend ;
Our portion may thy wisdom choose,
Nor let our hearts that choice refuse.
- 4 And should thy measures seem severe,
Thy just rebukes we'll calmly bear ;
Without complaint to thee submit,
The unerring Judge of what is fit.

Browne.

195. C. M.

Divine Mercy moderating Affliction. Isa. xxvii. 8.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm ;
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let us hear,
Till all the tumult cease,
And heavenly hopes and prospects rise
To sooth our souls to peace.

Doddridge.

196. L. M.

God the Author of our Comforts and Hopes. Ps. cxvi. 8, 9.

- 1 GREAT Source of life ! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace ;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee the arch of heaven was spread ;
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.
- 3 Thy quickening hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 Our lives are sacred to the Lord ;
Kindled by him, by him restored ;
And while our days renew their race,
May sin no more our lives disgrace.
- 5 So, when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant shall they move
To scenes of nobler life above.

Doddridge.

197. 8, 8, 6 M.

Benevolence.

- 1 HAIL, love divine! joys ever new,
While thy kind dictates we pursue,
Our souls delighted share;
Too high for sordid minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.
- 2 By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blessed,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.
- 3 O God! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou our hearts incline;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence the soul,
And make us wholly thine.

Blacklock.

198. c. M.

The Prospect of the Christian.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.
- 2 He knows that all these fleeting things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees, on time's extended wings
How swift they pass away.

- 3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.
- 4 His hopes, still fixed on joys to come,—
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom
When time and nature die.

Mrs. Steele.

199. L. M.

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blessed,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath the Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

Scott.

200. L. M.

The Character and Happiness of Christians. Mat. v. 3—12.

- 1 HAPPY the unrepining poor;
For them the heavenly rest is sure,
Whose patient minds, in every ill,
Submissive meet their Maker's will.

- 2 Happy the contrite, who lament
Their wasted hours in sin mispent;
Reclaimed from sin, they shall obtain
Eternal joys for transient pain.
- 3 Happy the meek, by wisdom taught
To check each proud, resentful thought;
For them earth spreads the feast of life,
Unmixed with bitterness or strife.
- 4 Happy the souls that grow in grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
For them a full and rich supply
Shall be prepared in worlds on high.
- 5 Happy the men who mercy show
To all that need, or friend or foe;
To them like mercy shall be shown,
When God's just sentence all shall own.
- 6 Happy the pure in heart; for they
Still holding on in virtue's way,
When faith and hope are changed to sight,
Shall see their God in cloudless light.
- 7 Happy the men of peaceful life,
Who win to peace the sons of strife;
They shall be called the sons of God,
The heirs of his serene abode.
- 8 And happy those who take the cross,
For truth encounter pain and loss,
And suffer shame for Christ, their Lord;
For great in heaven is their reward!

201. C. M.

The Mission of Christ. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **HARK!** the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Doddridge.

202. 8, 8, 6 M.

The Day of Judgment.

- 1 **HEAR, O ye dead ! awake, arise !**
The sounding trumpet shakes the skies ;
The awful Judge is near :
Angelic guards attend him down ;
And flaming round his fiery throne
A thousand terrors glare.

- 2 **Pale guilt looks upwards with amaze ;**
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And conscience tells her doom :
Struck with unutterable dread,
The sinner fain would hide his head,
And shrink within the tomb.

- 3 **But ye, his happy saints, rejoice ;**
No terrors hath the Monarch's voice,
His looks no frowns, for you :
He comes your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
To joys for ever new.

- 4 **'Blessed of my Father ! haste,' he cries ;**
'In shining triumph mount the skies,
To nobler worlds above ;
There shall ye share my blissful sight,
And taste the fulness of delight,
In my eternal love.'

† Rev. Henry Moore.

(176)*

203. 8 & 7 s. M.

The future Peace and Glory of the Church. Isa. lx. 15—20.

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :

‘O my people ! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken ;
Fair abodes I build for you :
There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord your faith rewarding
All his bounty will bestow.

2 ‘There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.
God will rise, and shining o’er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.’

Cowper, alt’d.

204. C. M.

‘Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord.’ Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :

Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blessed :
How calm their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every care.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
And present with the Lord,
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

205. C. M.

God every where the Refuge of his Servants.

- 1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.
- 4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord !
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Our hearts take hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And O may death, when death shall come,
 Unite our souls to thee !

Addison.

206. L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA ! let us join to sing
 The glories of our rising king ;
 Recount his victories, and tell
 How Jesus triumphed when he fell.
- 2 Soon as the morning's earliest ray
 Brings on the third, the appointed day,
 Behold an angel from the skies
 Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.
- 3 With strength immortal, forth he comes,
 And power and life from God resumes ;
 The days of pain and sorrow past,
 His triumph shall for ever last.
- 4 Ye tribes of Adam ! raise the song ;
 And, with your noblest notes, prolong
 The triumphs of that day of grace,
 Which sealed salvation to our race.
- 5 Salvation—joy-inspiring theme !
 Best gift of him who reigns supreme ;
 Sweet balm of every human wo,
 And source of boundless joy below !
- 6 Salvation—sons of men ! record
 The glories of your rising Lord ;
 The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
 Who died, and conquered when he fell.

207. S. M.

The Happy Change.

- 1 How blessed is man, O God !
 When first with single eye
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day-spring from on high !
 - 2 Through storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The sun of righteousness breaks forth,
 With healing on his wings.
 - 3 Struck by that light, his heart,
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends shoots of righteousness abroad,
 Where follies sprung before.
 - 4 The soul, so dreary once,
 Once misery's dark domain,
 Feels happiness unknown before,
 And owns a heavenly reign.
- Cowper, alt'd.

208. L. M.

Pious Friendship.

- 1 How blessed the sacred tie that binds
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
 What jealous love ! what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Mrs. Barbauld.

209. S. M.

Reliance on God, a Remedy for Care. 1 Pet. v. 7.

- 1 How gracious is our God !
How kind his precepts are !
' Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'
- 2 Since he for ever reigns,
We may securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 O why should anxious thoughts,
Oppress the sinking mind !
Go fall before your Father's throne,
And sweet relief you'll find.
- 4 Devoutly fear his name,
And know no other fear,
In every scene of life and death
Your Helper will be near.

Doddridge.

- 3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.
- 4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care ;
And the blessed record thou wilt own.

Miss Rector.

216. C. M.

Grace perfected into Glory. 1 Pet. v. 10, 11.

- 1 How rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various, how divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 God to eternal glory calls,
And points the wondrous way
To those bright realms of peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.
- 3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

Doddridge.

217. C. M.

The Peace of the Grave. Job iii. 17—20.

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last !

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
There, passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There, servants, masters, small, and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levelled by the hand of death, y,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them f
To meet their righteous doom

Scotch

218. S. M.

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it,

Reflections on the State of our Fathers. 21.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls, ' we'll go,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour—gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers! hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace;
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

Doddridge.

219. L. M.

The Divine Benignity.

G. well our great Preserver knows
1 How rich and to relieve our woes!
How ~~un~~ like him shall mortals find,
Full as ~~the~~ good, for ever kind.
And brapt his favour to dispense
2 God to etoarting influence!
And poely his paternal love
To those afflictions to remove!
Where r a night, obtrusive guest!
3 The sor our roof may chance to rest;
That, with the returning day,
Which ipe the transient tear away.
To promise, truth eternal guides,
and mercy o'er each act presides;
His strength the fainting spirit cheers,
And checks our griefs, and calms our fears.
5 Thee will we bless, our God and King!
Nor cease thy gracious acts to sing,
The mercy shown us from above,
The wonders of redeeming love!

Merrick, alt. 7.
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220. 8, 8, 6 M.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies ;
Nor need we roam abroad :
The world has little to bestow ;
From well-formed hearts our joys must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 Then let us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever kind,
Doth graciously bestow ;
The blessings which he sends, enjoy,
And in his praise find sweet employ,
From whom our comforts flow.
- 3 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given,—
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
- 4 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its chequered paths of joy and wo
With holy care we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.
- 5 For conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Cotton, alt'd.

221. L. M.

Justice.

- 1 If high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name;
By incorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord! we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear;
Thy providence shall be his trust;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou Friend and Guardian of the just.
- 3 Then may we with sincere delight
To all, the debt of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget
In worlds, where every virtue shares
A fit reward; though not of debt,
But what thy boundless love prepares.

Scott.

222. 8, 8, 6 M.

Our Labour in the Lord shall not be in vain. 1 Cor. xv.

- 1 If we the Saviour's laws obey,
Submissive to his righteous sway,
Our happiness is sure:
Whate'er befall us here below,
Of toil, of suffering, joy or wo,
The trial soon is o'er.
- 2 The day will come when we shall hear
The Judge's awful voice—' Draw near,'
And rise to bliss on high;
O'er death triumphant, wing our way
To realms of everlasting day,
To joys that never die.

3 Thanks be to God's redeeming grace,
Which saved our sinful, mortal race,
Through Christ our glorious head,
Who took the sting of death away,
Destroyed the grave's terrific sway,
And wide his triumph spread.

4 Then steadfast in his work abide,
Unmoved by every hope beside,
Abounding in his love :
Ye know 'your labour's not in vain,
Since life, eternal life you gain,
With Christ, your Lord, above.

† Exeter Coll.

223. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

1 I READ my duty in the word
Of my Redeemer and my Lord ;
But in his life, the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 What zeal his mission to fulfil !
What deference to his Father's will !
His love and meekness, how divine !
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer ;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts and his victories too.

4 He is my pattern ; may I bear
More of his gracious image here !
And let me trace the steps he trod,
Which lead to virtue and to God.

Watts.

224. S. M.

Compassion and Forgiveness.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of wo,—
A fellow mortal mourns :
My eyes with pity overflow,
My heart his sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry,
The hungry beg for bread :
O let my spring its stream supply
My hand its bounty shed !
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would, but cannot pay ;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day ?
- 4 And shall not wrath relent,
Touched by that humble strain,
My brother crying, ' I repent,
Nor will offend again ?'
- 5 How else on soaring wing
Can hope bear high my prayer,
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there ?
- 6 The bountiful and kind
Thy bounty shall repay ;
With thee shall the forgiving find
A sweet forgiving day.
- 7 But all who here below,
Mercy refuse to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy most they want.

Scott.

(192)

225. L. M.

Mercy of God through Christ. Heb. ii. 10.

- 1 IMMORTAL God! on thee we call,
The great original of all;
By thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.
 - 2 We praise thy free, thy heavenly grace,
Which pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious head,
The captain of salvation made.
 - 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead;
And rich supplies through him are given
To fit us for the joys of heaven.
 - 4 Jesus for us, O gracious name!
Encountered agony and shame,—
Jesus, the glorious and the great,
By dreadful sufferings made complete.
 - 5 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee;
This theme shall now inspire our tongues,
And raise in heaven our noblest songs.
- Doddridge.

226. S. M.

The Right and Duty of Private Judgment.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

232. C. M.

To be ashamed of Jesus, absurd and dangerous.

- 1 Is there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound?
- 2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,
Commissioned from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.
- 3 Behold his gentle spirit feel
The sufferings of mankind;
And with a word, the sorrows heal
Of body and of mind.
- 4 How noble were the truths he taught!
How pure the life he led!
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head?
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! shall we let
Our heavenly prospects go?
And, madly, at defiance set
The threats of future wo!
- 6 Forbid it, Lord! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame;
But each, with holy courage filled,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

233. C. M.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 **KEEP** silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod!
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 **Life**, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 **Unnumbered** ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
Whate'er through endless years should rise,
Stood present to his thought.
- 4 **His** mighty voice bids ancient night
Her endless realms resign;
And lo! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.
- 5 **His** wisdom with resistless sway
Guides the vast moving frame;
While all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to his name.

Watts.

234. C. M.

Instructions to the Young, from a Review of past Dispensations of Providence. Ps. lxxviii.

- 1 **LET** children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
 - 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
'And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
 - 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.
- Watts.

235. C. M.

The Creation. Gen. 1.

- 1 'LET heaven arise, let earth appear !'
Said the Almighty Lord :
The heaven arose, the earth appeared
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep :
God said ' Let there be light !'
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scattered ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gathered by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5. With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new-formed globe he crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then, high in heaven's resplendent arch.
He placed those orbs of light ;
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, 'the almighty King
Did vital beings frame ;
Fowls of the air of every wing,
And fish of every name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth :
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made :
His Maker's image blessed his soul,
And glory crowned his head.
- 10 Fair in the almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood ;
He viewed the fabric he had raised ;
His word pronounced it good.

Watts.

236. L. M.

The Properties of Christian Charity. 1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervour and their faith proclaim ;—
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.

239. S. M.

Christian Unity.

- 1 **LET** party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

Beddome.

240. C. M.

Foreknowledge and Providence of God.

- 1 **LET** the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord !
Whate'er his powerful hand has formed,
He governs with a word.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.

- 3 There's not a sparrow, nor a worm,
O'erlooked in his decrees :
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks, with equal ease.
- 4 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.
- 5 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love !
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees,
Awaits us here below.
- 6 Be this alone our fervent prayer ;
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys or sorrows,—may they form
Our souls for heaven and thee !

Watts.

241. L. M.

Life the Day of Mercy and Hope. Eccles. ix.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the season God has given
To fit us for the joys of heaven ;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.
- 3 Then what our thoughts design to do,
Let us with all our might pursue ;
And wisely every hour employ,
That faith and hope may turn to joy.

Watts, alt'd.

242. L. M.

‘And all the Days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine Years, and he died.’

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o’er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man’s busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 Vain was the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch’s full maturity :
’Twas but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.
- 3 ‘He lived—he died ;’ behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian’s page !
Alike, in God’s all-seeing eye,
The infant’s day, the patriarch’s age.
- 4 O Father ! in whose mighty hand,
The boundless years and ages lie ;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :
So shall we wake from death’s dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

John Taylor.

243. C. M.

Devout Contemplation of Creation.

- 1 LOOK round, O man ! survey this globe ;
Think of creating power ;
See nature give a different robe
To every herb and flower.

- 2 See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea ;
What grateful changes form the year!
How constant night and day!
- 3 Now raise thine eye ; the expanse above,
A power unbounded shows ;
See round the sun the planets move,
And various worlds compose.
- 4 Then turn into thyself, O man !
With wonder view thy soul ;
Confess his power who laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.
- 5 And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him, the first almighty cause ;
Jehovah is his name.

Liverpool Old Coll.

244. C. M.

The Goodness of God to those who love and trust in him.

- 1 LORD ! how resplendent shines thy grace,
Through sorrow's darkest sky,
To those who humbly seek thy face
And on thy love rely.
- 2 If wealth take wings and flee away,
They still have stores divine ;
A treasure that shall ne'er decay,
A pure exhaustless mine.
- 3 When death has slain their earthly joys,
Not hopeless they deplore ;
They look to those eternal skies,
Where friends shall part no more.

4 And when, with conscious guilt oppressed,
 They own their sins to thee ;
 Thou dost revive the fainting breast,
 With pardon full and free.

5 O Lord ! to thee our hearts we'll bring
 Fixed in thy love and fear ;
 Then shall our sorrows lose their sting,
 And dry be every tear.

Liverpool (Paradise st.) Coll.

245. L. M.

Man frail and God eternal. Ps. xc.

- 1 LORD ! thou hast been thy children's God,
 All-powerful, wise, and good, and just ;
 In every age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began ;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When all the feeble race of man,
 And time itself, shall be no more.
- 3 Great Father of eternity !
 How short are ages in thy sight !
 A thousand years, how swift they fly,
 Like one still silent watch of night !
- 4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !
 Flowers of the morn, how short our bloom !
 Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb !
- 5 Teach us, O Lord ! to count our days,
 And with true diligence apply
 Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
 That we may learn to live and die.

† Exeter Coll. alt'd.

(208)

246. L. M.

God omnipresent. Ph. cxxxix.

- 1 LORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within his circling power I stand;
On every side I find his hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

Watts.

247. C. M.

Imploring Divine Protection. Prov. iii. 5, 6.

- 1 LORD! through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

- 2 O may I ne'er, with empty pride,
Of wisdom make my boast !
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.
- 3 To thee, O my unerring Guide !
I would myself resign ;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.
- 4 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me ;
And, in new griefs, I still shall have
A refuge, Lord ! in thee.

Exeter Coll.

248. L. M.

Faith in God in the Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD ! we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,—
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now clouds obscure thine awful face,
And gathering darkness hides thy smile ;
Yet through the clouds we see thy grace,
And trust in thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight :
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
And faith can cheer the darkest night.
- 4 Father ! if thou with lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still may we lean on thee, our God,
And may thine arm support us through.

Watts, alt'd.

210

249. C. M.

God's gracious Regard to his frail Creatures. Ps. ciii. 14.

- 1 LORD ! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.
- 4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God !
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

Doddridge.

250. C. M.

Instruction and Consolation from the Scriptures. Ps. cxix.

- 1 LORD ! we would make thy word our joy,
Our lasting heritage ;
May this our noblest powers employ,
Our warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts oft would we survey;
And keep thy laws in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To guide our actions right.
- 4 Thy truth's a land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
There seeds of endless bliss are sown,
There boundless glory lies.
- 5 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blessed;
It shows a home beyond the grave,
And an eternal rest.

Watts, alt'd.

251. C. M.

The Man approved of God. Ps. xv.

- 1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blessed courts repair;
And while he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there?
- 2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose tongue disdains to speak the word
His honest heart disproves:
- 3 Who never will a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round:

- 4 Who vice, though dressed in pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, when clothed in rags,
Religiously respect :
- 5 Who, though he promise to his loss,
Has ever faithful proved :—
The man who thus thy law fulfills,
That man shall ne'er be moved !
Tate, alt'd.

252. C. M.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
And yet are slaves to lust !
- 2 Vain are our fancies,—airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
Nought but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey our Father's will
As well as trust his grace,
And strive to keep his favour still,
By growing holiness.

Watts, alt'd.

253. H. M.

The Efficacy of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;

But waters earth Through every pore,
And calls forth all Her secret store.

- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine :

The harvest bows Its golden ears,
The copious seed Of future years.

- 3 ' So,' saith the God of grace,
' My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;

Millions of souls Shall feel its power,
And bear it down To millions more.'
Doddridge.

254. S. M.

Reliance upon God.

- 1 MY Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

- 2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

- 3 Whate'er thy will denies
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise :
 O bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear !
 Still let me know a Father reigns,
 And trust a Father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this frame,
 And life almost depart ;
 Is not thy mercy still the same .
 To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 6 Thy ways are little known
 To my weak erring sight ;
 Yet would my soul believing own
 That all thy ways are right.

Mrs. Steele,

255. S. M.

Obedience to God as our Father.

- 1 My Father—I adore
 That all-commanding name :
 O may it virtue's strength restore,
 And raise devotion's flame !
- 2 I bow at his commands,
 And filial homage pay ;
 With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
 I'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 No more will I transgress,
 As I too oft have done ;
 But every sinful thought suppress,
 Each sinful action shun.

- 4 My Father thus I'll claim,
And prove myself his son ;
And while I bear the filial name,
The filial duties own.
- 3 Do thou the strength impart,
This purpose to fulfil :
Lord ! write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

Belknap's Coll. alt'd.

256. C. M.

The Everlasting Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 My God ! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And, in its matchless grace, we feel
Our happiness secure.
- 2 What though our house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;—
To higher joys than nature gives,
Our nobler views aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become ;
Jesus our Guardian and our Friend,
And heaven our final home ;—
- 4 We welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when thy providence is dark,
We wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall heavenly rays impart ;
And when our eyelids close in death,
Shall cheer the trembling heart.

Doddridge.

257. L. M.

Trust in the Divine Goodness.

- 1 My God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And mid the wreck of human joy
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

258. C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked. Ps. xxxvii.

- 1 My God! the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He keeps them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God;
Like princely laurel fair and green,
Spreading its arms abroad:
- 5 And lo! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.
- 6 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;—
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

Watts.

259. 8, 8, 6 M.

• The Love of God.

- 1 My God! thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;

Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There, faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blessed,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good !

Rev. Henry Moore;

260. L. M.

Things below, and Things above.

- 1 MY soul ! forbear on transient things
Thy hopes and fond desires to place ;
Their gain no solid comfort brings,
And weary is the doubtful chace.
- 2 Let faith direct my longing eyes
To realms of lasting good above,
Where pleasures ever-blooming rise,
And all is peace, and joy, and love.
- 3 Thence sin, and pain, and death, and night,
Far off for ever shall retire ;
And from God's throne, the friendliest light
Shall beam, and utmost bliss inspire.
- 4 Compared with this, how fade away
The brightest scenes of earthly joy !
Mount up, my soul ! to native day,
Nor rest thy hopes beneath the sky.

261. S. M.

Obligation to Gratitude and Praise.

- 1 My Maker, and my King !
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.
- 4 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.
- 5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine !

Mrs. Steele.

262. S. M.

The Mercy of God to frail Man. Ps. ciii.

- 1 My soul ! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His grace subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel :
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord !
To endless years endure ,
And ages yet unborn, shall find
Thy promised mercy sure.

Watts.

263. C. M.

Praise to God in every Scene.

- 1 My soul shall bless thee, O my God !
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy !

- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And sooth my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.
- 5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay :
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

Heginbotham.

264. C. M.

Submission in Affliction. Job i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came
And rose to life at first ;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own,
Belongs to heaven's great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our rebel passions then ;
Let each repining sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

- 5 And ever blessed be his name
 Whose goodness swelled our store !
 His justice but resumes its own,
 And we will still adore.

Watts, alt'd.

265. L. M.

' Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord,' &c. Mat. vii. 21.

- 1 NOT he whose baseless hope relies
 On modes and forms that men devise,
 Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
 But heeds not to perform his word ;
- 2 Not he shall tread the courts above,
 The bright abodes of joy and love ;
 But he whose prompt obedience shows
 His wish to practice what he knows :
- 3 Whose heart enlarged bids him embrace,
 As brethren, all the human race ;
 Who for his friends with ardour glows,
 And pities and forgives his foes.
- 4 This is the man whose head shall rise,
 With glory crowned, above the skies ;
 Whom Jesus shall in judgment own,
 And place by God's immortal throne.

† Butcher.

266. C. M.

The Christian's Triumph over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55.

- 1 O FOR a firm and lively faith,
 Which may the grave defy,
 And, trusting what the gospel saith,
 May triumph when we die !

- 2 Joyful, with all the strength we have,
Our feeble lips would sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
O death! where is thy sting?'
- 3 Pardon and life,—how dear each word!
God life and pardon sends,
And, by our dying, rising Lord,
Ensures to all his friends.
- 4 All glory be to God on high,
And endless thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, though we die,
Through Christ, our living Head. Watts.

267. S. M.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

- 1 O God! my strength! my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up
To thee who hearest prayer:
Grant me on thee to wait,
The work assigned fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Father's will!
- 2 Grant me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all temptation fly;—
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 3 Thy will may I pursue;
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, and say, and do,
Be one great sacrifice:

Fill me with godly fear,
As in thy sight to live,
And Oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

† Exeter Coll.

268. L. M.

God the Leader of his People.

- 1 O God of our forefathers! hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known,
While we with confidence draw near,
And place our trust on thee alone.
- 2 Arise, as in the ancient days,
(The ancient annals speak thy fame).
Be now omnipotently nigh,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 From Egypt, when thy chosen race
Triumphant urged their wondrous way,
Divinely led, behold they pass
The unwatery deep, the emptied sea.
- 4 At distance heaped on either hand,
Yielding a strange unbeaten road,
In crystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of Israel's God.
- 5 That arm which is not shortened now,
Which wants not now the power to save,
Shall, present with thy people still,
Bear them o'er life's tumultuous wave.
- 6 By earth and hell pursued in vain,
To thee thy chosen seed shall come,
Shouting, their heavenly Canaan gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

Salisbury Coll.

269. C. M.

Confidence in our Heavenly Father.

- 1 O God! on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In every scene appear.
- 2 With open hand, and liberal heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
Thy heavenly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.
- 3 Thou know'st, O God! what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides thy love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And every choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful heart we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want, while God provides;
What he allots is best;
And heaven, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

Browne.

270. C. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal. Ps. xc.

- 1 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 4 But, like an ever-flowing stream,
Time bears its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 6 Our God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Watts, alt'd.

271. C. M.

The Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 O God! to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good.

- 3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free,
From earthly care, and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.
- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' wo ;
And humbly seek with deep concern,
My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms ! ye billows roar !
My heart defies your shock ;
Ye make me cling to God the more,
To God, my sheltering rock.
- † Liverpool (Paradise st.) Coll.

272. L. M.

Trust and Resignation implored.

- 1 O God ! to thee we raise our eyes ;
Calm resignation we implore ;
O let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore !
- 2 With meek submission, may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;
Nor think our trials too severe ;
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.
- 3 For, though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter wé thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.
- 4 Thy needful help, O God ! afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair ;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

- 5 There faith unveils a brighter scene,
Where all life's painful conflicts cease,
Where no dark clouds shall intervene,
No sorrows e'er disturb our peace.
† Exeter Coll.

273. L. M.

God merciful in his Infiotions.

- 1 O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys!
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.
- 2 The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal does, is right.
- 3 O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the rising tear,
To calm my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness trust, thy justice fear!
† Chatterton.

274. C. M.

Submission to the Divine Disposals.

- 1 O Lord! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at that gracious hand
Which wipes away my tears?

- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
 Shall I resist them both,—
 Short-sighted creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth?
- 5 But ah! my heart within me cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else, the next cloud that veils the skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.
- Cowper.

275. L. M.

Imploping Divine Mercy. Ps. vi.

- 1 O SPARE me, Lord! nor on my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed;
 With pitying eye my weakness view,
 Heal my vexed soul, my strength renew.
- 2 And Oh! if yet my sins demand
 The wise corrections of thy hand,
 Yet give my pains their bounds to know
 And fix a period to my wo.
- 3 Thy suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
 And bid, O bid thy heavenly ray,
 With healing influence on me rise,
 Ere death's dark slumbers close my eyes!
- 4 Shall death's long silent tongue, Oh! say,
 The records of thy grace display;
 Or pale corruption's startled ear
 Thy praise within its prison hear?

- 5 E'en while affliction's weight I bear,
 Thy mercy, Lord! dispels my fear;
 My hopes on thy salvation rest
 And fill with conscious joy my breast.
 † Merrick.

276. L. M.

Supplication to the Searcher of Hearts. Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 O HEAR me, Lord! to thee I call,
 And prostrate at thy footstool fall :
 O Lord! my prayer propitious hear,
 And bow to my requests thine ear.
- 2 Searcher of hearts! my thoughts review;
 With kind severity pursue,
 Through each disguise, thy servant's mind,
 Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
- 3 To thee my inmost heart is known :
 Regard me from thy lofty throne;
 Nor e'er to my desiring eye
 Thy presence, heavenly Lord! deny.
 Merrick.

277. C. M.

Desire of Holiness. Ps. cxix.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!
- 2 In deepest characters impress
 Thy law upon my heart;
 Nor let my tongue the truth transgress,
 Nor act the slanderer's part.

- 3 O turn from vanity my eyes !
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this heart of mine.
- 4 Assist my heart, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep ;
And, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road !
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Watts.

278. C. M.

Eternity of God, and Frailty of Man. Ps. xc. 1—6.

- 1 O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place !
- 2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand ;
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;
- 3 That power which raised, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.
- 4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight,
Than yesterday that's past.

- 5 But man is like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed ;
And long ere night cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed !

Burns.

279. C. M.

Mercy to the Penitent.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat !
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever, Lord ! thy gracious ear
The contrite prayer disdain ?
Or when did misery humbly sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
The sinking heart receives :
O may we ne'er again offend
The God who thus forgives !
- 5 Thy grace hath caused celestial hope
To shine serenely bright,
And shed her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's darkest night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord !
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

280. S. M.

Absence from God.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!
- 2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?
- 3 Absent from thee, my light!
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 4 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

Mrs. Steele, alt'd.

281. L. M.

The Prayer of the Penitent.

- 1 O TURN, great Ruler of the skies!
Turn from my sins thy searching eyes.
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

4 Around the bloody tree
 Ye pressed with strong desire,
 That wondrous sight to see,
 The Lord of life expire;
 And could your eyes Have known a tear,
 Had dropped it there In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till the blessed moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep :
 Then rolled the stone, And all adored
 Your rising Lord, With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
 The shining conqueror rode,
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God;
 And waved around Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise.
 And thou, my heart! With equal flame,
 And joy the same, Perform thy part.
Doddridge.

283. 6 l. L. M.

Charity. Matt. xxv. 34.

1 O YE, who seek Jehovah's face,
 Bow at his throne, and feel his grace ;
 Who ask in prayer, and own in praise,
 That bounteous love which gilds your days,
 Catch from above the hallowed flame,
 And dignify the Christian name !

- 2 'Where'er distress and pain appear,
 Let pity's ready hand be there ;
 With cheering wine, and fragrant oil,
 Bid languor glow, and anguish smile :
 Though wo her lowliest form may wear,
 Yet God has stamped his image there.
- 3 When he, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
 And holds the unerring beam on high ;
 Then shall sweet charity prevail,
 And angels mark the sinking scale ;
 Jesus shall call his followers home,
 ' Ye blessed of my Father ! come.'

† John Taylor.

284. C. M.

' God is our Refuge and Strength.' Ps. xlv.

- 1 On God supreme our hope depends,
 Whose omnipresent sight
 Ev'n to the pathless realms extends
 Of uncreated night.
- 2 Plunged in the abyss of deep distress,
 To him we raised our cry ;
 His mercy bade our sorrows cease,
 And filled our hearts with joy.
- 3 Though earth her ancient seat forsake,
 By pangs convulsive torn ;
 Though her self-balanced fabric shake,
 And ruined nature mourn :—
- 4 Though hills be in the ocean lost,
 With all their trembling load ;
 No fear shall e'er disturb the just,
 Or shake his trust in God.

5 Nations remote, and realms unknown,
 In vain resist his sway ;
 For lo ! Jehovah's voice is shown,
 And earth shall melt away.

6 Let war's devouring surges rise,
 And swell on every side ;
 The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,
 And Jacob's God our guide.

Wesley.

285. C. M.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

1 Our country is Immanuel's ground ;
 We seek that promised soil :
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
 We scarcely stoop to pluck ;
 We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
 Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod :
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierced before.

5 Our powers are oft dissolved away
 In ecstasies of love ;
 And while our bodies wander here,
 Our souls are fixed above.

- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
And while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

Mrs. Barbauld.

286. L. M.

'Ask and ye shall receive.' Matt. vii. 7.

- 1 OUR Father, throned above the sky!
To thee our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name
By thee ordained, we now draw near,
And would the promised blessing claim.
- 3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famished son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?
- 4 Our heavenly Father! how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise;
And open thine unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries?
- 5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience to thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting, for success,
If persevering to entreat.
- 6 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient supplicant has blessed;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer attest.

Scott.

287. 61. L. M.

Imploring Divine Mercy. Ps. cxxx.

- 1 Out of, the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heaven we raise our warm address;
Deign, O our God! to hear our prayer!
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thine indulgence is relief!
- 2 Should'st thou, O God! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide;
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!
- 3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord,
Before his throne our souls attend:
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fixed, our hopes depend:
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye pious minds! on God rely;
With full assurance in him trust:
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will forgive the contrite heart,
And life, eternal life, impart.

Denham, alt'd.

288. C. M.

Submission to God under Affliction.

- 1 PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart!
Ye busy cares! be still:
Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.
- 4 Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains,
Compared with what my sins deserve,
How light and few my pains !
- 5 Yes, Lord ! I own thy sovereign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind !
Be every anxious thought suppressed,
And all my soul resigned.

Mrs. Steele.

289. C. M.

Inconstancy in Religion lamented. Hos. vi. 4.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace !
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours ;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And transient vows renew,—
Fleeting too oft as morning clouds,
And like the early dew.

4 Our former follies, Lord! we mourn,
And now thy grace implore
To guide our often-erring steps,
That we may stray no more.

5 Aided by energy divine,
May we more steadfast prove;
And with determined zeal, press on
To gain thy courts above.

6 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

Doddridge.

290. L. M.

God the Confidence of the Good at all Times.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God, whose sovereign will
All nature's laws and powers fulfil.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
Where faith contemplates his decrees,
And every gracious promise sees.

3 There may the pious, humble mind,
Support in all its troubles find;
And on that mighty God may stay,
Whose power the earth and heavens display.

4 Whence then arise distressing fears?
Why do we still indulge our tears?
Or why without those comforts live
Our God and Father waits to give?

- 5 O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what our Father saith ;
And, having done his will, to place
A trust undoubting in his grace !
- 6 Should earth then to its centre shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
Watts, alt'd.

291. L. M.

God the Intellectual Light. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright ;
His presence gilds the worlds above,
The unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 ' Let there be light,' Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre, shown.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Our souls, revived by heavenly light,
Shall be in all thine image bright ;
While all our faculties shall join
To praise the Lord of light divine.

Doddridge.

292. S. M.

The Hope of Salvation through Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
 - 2 Sing how eternal love
Its well-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From an abyss of woes.
 - 3 Pardon and peace from heaven,
Jesus proclaims abroad ;
And brings to erring, guilty man,
Sure mercy from his God.
 - 4 Now, sinners ! dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love
And take the offered peace.
 - 5 Lord ! we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And bless and praise thy name.
- Watts, alt'd.

293. C. M.

Rejoicing in the Works of God.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous ! in the Lord ;
This work belongs to you ;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true !

- 2 By his creative word of might,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.
- 3 He bade the mighty waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The swelling seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 4 Ye tenants of the spacious earth!
With awe before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 5 His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name;
His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim.
Watts, alt'd.

294. C. M.

Rejoicing in the Hope of Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! O the power and grace
That here triumphant reign,
To raise from death our sinful race
To life and God again!
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
And all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

295. L. P. M.

The Mission of Jesus Christ.

- 1 SAGES of ancient lettered times !
In every age, and different climes,
For wisdom famed among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly-scattered rays,
Before the broad o'erpowering blaze
Of the supreme eternal mind.
- 2 Mercy's great year, in heaven enrolled,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unseated ;
Light of the world, Messiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality revealed.
- 3 Filled with his Father's strength he taught ;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame leap like the bounding roe :
The rayless eyeballs drink the light,
Death yields his spoils to Jesus' might,
And demons shrink to shades below.
- 4 O works of power, O works of love,
Which Christ's divine commission prove,
And every rising doubt control !
Pledge of the power, and love more strong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miseries of the soul.
- 5 Prince of celestial peace ! to thee
Shall bow in reverence every knee,
From every mouth thy praises flow ;
All thy commands are mild and just ;
Thy promise, faithful to our trust,
Will pardon, peace, and heaven bestow.

Scott.

296. C. M.

The Baptism of Jesus. Mat. iii.

- 1 SEE from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend ;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.
- 2 'This is my well-beloved Son,'
Proclaimed the voice divine ;
'Hear him,' his heavenly Father said,
'For all his words are mine.'
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God his Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here,
Shall live, no more to die.
- 5 O may we then who own him Lord,
And his loved name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess !

† Exeter Coll.

297. L. M.

The Love of Jesus to Mankind.

- 1 'SEE how he loved !' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

- 4 For this may we unceasing pray ;
This all our powers pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

Doddridge.

300. C. M.

The Blessing of God implored on the Labours of Life. Ps. xc.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God !
With rays of mercy shine !
O let thy favour crown our days,
And their whole course be thine !
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain :
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us midst the toils of life,
Till all our labours cease ;
And fill us, in the realms above,
With everlasting peace.

Doddridge.

301. C. M.

Christ's first and last Coming. Ps. xevi.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Ye tribes of every tongue !
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A sinful world to save ; -
From guilt and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display ;
Ye mountains ! sink ; ye valleys ! rise ;
Prepare the Saviour's way.
- 4 Behold ! he comes ; he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And spread his truth abroad.
- 5 Again he comes, with powerful voice,
To wake the numerous dead,
And call his followers to rejoice
With their exalted Head.
- 6 When he who is our life draws near,
And all, his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

Watts, alt'd.

302. C. M.

The Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

- 1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord !
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King !
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy, and how plain !
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor seek the track in vain ?

- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
But pleasure, safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till on the sacred mount you see,
The glory of your God.
- 5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

Doddridge.

303. C. M.

The Wisdom of God in his Works. Ps. cxi.

- 1 Songs of immortal praise belong
To thee, Almighty God!
Be thine my heart, my life, my tongue,
To spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 How great the works thy hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men, in every age, have sought
Thy wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the eternal mind!
Thy counsels never change the scheme
Which thy first thoughts designed.

- 4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read-thy name?
- 5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

Watts.

304. C. M.

The Last Day.

- 1 'STAND still, refulgent orb of day!
The Jewish victor cries:
So shall at last an angel say,
And rend it from the skies.
- 2 A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn;
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.
- 3 Then, with immortal splendour bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new-created skies.
- 4 On the bright ranks of happy souls,
Those blissful beams shall shine;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.
- 5 O let not sordid base desire,
The soul's dark rayless night,
Unfit us for heaven's sacred choir,
Or God's eternal light!

305. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Leader, Christ, has gone.
- 2 Sin and the world resist thy course;
But these, my soul! are vanquished foes;
For Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a victor's crown,
And triumph in the Almighty's grace,
There all the just, in chorus joined,
Unite to celebrate his praise.

Watts, alt'd,

306. L. M.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below;—
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost;—

- 3 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be
 What thy all-holy laws decree;
 Worthy that intellectual flame,
 Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim;
 And with a Christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
 No more we wish, no more we want:
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.
- Rev. Henry Moore.

307. C. M.

Our Strength is in the Lord. Isa. xl. 27.

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom as in power
 The Rock of ages stands,
 Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
 The workings of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 Supports the fainting heart;
 And courage in the evil hour
 His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human powers shall fast decay,
 And youthful vigour cease;
 But those who wait upon the Lord
 In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They, with unwearied feet, shall tread
 The path of life divine;
 With growing ardour onward move,
 With growing brightness shine.
- (255)

311. H. M.

'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory.' 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 THANKS be to God the Lord,
The victory is ours;
And hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant powers!

The monster sin In chains is bound,
And death has felt His mortal wound—

2 Oppressed with guilt and woe,
In darkness long we lay,
Till Christ on earth appeared;
Then all was boundless day:

With terror struck, The host of night
Fled in despair, To shun the light.

3 Now o'er the vanquished tomb
Behold his trophy blaze,—

The banner of the cross,

That pours its streaming rays,

To mark the path Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide Our steps to God.

4 Give thanks to God the Lord,
The victory is won;
And up the path to heaven
Our march is now begun:

The hymn of joy Exulting raise,
And shout aloud The Saviour's praise.

† Drummond.

312. C. M.

The Vanity of Human Life. Ps. xxxix. 4—7.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!

I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast,—
 A fleeting hour of time :
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show ;
 Some dig for golden ore :
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
 From creatures—earth and dust ?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I resign my earthly hope,
 My fond desires recall ;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

Watts.

313. L. M.

Time flying, and Death approaching.

- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
 On the short period of to-day :
 Shall time, which Heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?

- 3 Thy remnant minutes strive to use :
Awake ! rouse every active power !
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour !
- 4 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 5 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve !
And while my days are shortening still,
Prepare me for the joys above !

Mrs. Steele:

314. L. P. M.

The Blessings of the good Man. Ps. cxii.

- 1 THAT man is blessed, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
He gains on earth a fair renown :
While sinners with their hopes decay,
He shall enjoy an endless day,
A heavenly, an immortal crown.
- 2 His hands, while they his alms bestow,
His glory's future harvest sow :
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience bears his courage up :
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

Tate, alt'd.

(260)

315. C. M.

The Way of the Righteous and of the Wicked. Ps. i.

- 1 THAT man, in life wherever placed,
Has happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore :
- 2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.
- 3 That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlet grow,
Whose fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm, the root below.
- 4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tossed
Before the sweeping blast.
- 5 For God, that God the good adore,
Will give them peace and joy ;
But all the hopes of wicked men,
Will utterly destroy.

† Burns, alt'd.

316. C. M.

Prospect of the universal Spread of Spiritual Blessings.

- 1 THE common Parent, Lord of all,
Who sits enthroned above,
With perfect wisdom rules the world,
And with impartial love.

2 Soon may his name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad ;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour, and their God !

3 The day will come, the happy day,—
Such his eternal will,
When light, and truth, and grace divine,
The spacious earth shall fill.

4 God will diffuse the blessings round,
So richly scattered here ;
Till the creation's utmost bound,
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Watts, alt'd.

317. L. M.

The weeping Seed-Time, and joyful Harvest. Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.

1 THE darkened sky—how thick it lowers !
Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him, live ;
And from the gloomiest shade of night,
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown,
Are in these watered furrows sown :
See the green blades ! how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bear them home ;
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

Doddridge.

318. L. M.

The universal Providence of God.

- 1 THE earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown :
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death :
He hears the ravens when they call,—
The Father and the Friend of all !

Gibbons.

319. C. M.

Approaching Death and Judgment. Heb. x. 24, 25.

- 1 THE day approaches, O my soul !
The great decisive day,
Which, from the verge of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.

- 2 Another day more awful dawns ;
 And lo ! the Judge appears ;
 All nations stand before his bar,
 With mingled hopes and fears.
- 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
 One precious hour remain ;
 Rouse then, my soul ! with all thy power,
 Nor let it pass in vain.

Doddridge.

320. C. M.

The Instability of worldly Enjoyments. Eccles. i. 2.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
 Who can prevent or cure ?
 We stand upon the brink of death,
 When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn ;
 Some change may plunge us in distress,
 Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey ;
 And oft, when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
 Produce us often pain ;
 A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has filled the earth with wo,
 And creatures fade and die ;
 Lord ! wean our hearts from things below,
 And fix our hopes on high.

Olney Hymns.
 (264)

321. C. M.

The Vicissitudes of Providence.

- 1 THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
Are variously conveyed;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.
- 4 Then let us send our fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care;
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

Mrs. Steele.

322. P. M.

'The Lord our God is one Lord.' Mark xii. 29.

- 1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honours high.
- 2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know.

3 He formed the living frame,
 He gave the reasoning mind;—
 Then only he may claim
 The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
 Blessed messenger of grace!
 The Eternal is but one,
 No second holds his place.

† Drummond.

323. L. M.

The final Judgment. Dan. xii. 1, 2.

- 1 THE heart dejected sighs to know
 Why vice triumphant reigns below;
 Why saints have fallen in every age
 The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 2 Fast roll successive years away,
 Fast hastens the important day,
 When, to the astonished world's surprise,
 God's high tribunal shall arise.
- 3 Hark! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound,
 The rising dead assemble round;
 In long procession see they come,
 Each to receive his final doom.
- 4 Lo! there, a vile, degenerate race;
 Pale terror sits on every face:
 Here, on the right, a joyful band,
 The sons of suffering virtue stand.
- 5 The sentence passed, lo! these arise
 To bliss and glory in the skies:
 While those, who once stood high in fame,
 Sink to contempt and endless shame.

- 6 Thus shall God's providence appear,
Without a shade, divinely fair ;
And blushing doubt with joy confess,
The Lord's a God of righteousness.

Needham.

324. C. M.

Trust in God in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 THE Lord—how tender is his love !
His justice, how august !
Hence, all her fears my soul derives,
There, anchors all her trust.
- 2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 He bids distress forget to groan ;
The sick, from anguish cease ;
In dungeons, spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 4 His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.
- 5 For me, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring,—
Do all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ;—
- 6 O grant, that still, with grateful heart,
My years resigned may run !
'Tis thine to give, or to resume,
And may thy will be done !

325. C. M.

God's tender Care of his People. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me in cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wandering feet reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his service spend.

Tate.

326. 6 l. L. M.

God our Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Addison.

327. C. M.

God's Power seen in the Elements.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves ! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations ! bend, in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs ! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God !

† Henry Kirke White.

328. L. M.

The Frailty of Human Life.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows ,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

- 6 Though sickness blast, and death devour,
Yet heaven will recompense our pains :
The grass may fade, and droop the flower,
But firm the word of God remains.

Charles Wadley.

329. C. M.

The Word of God the best Guide of Youth.

- 1 THE morn of life, how fair and gay !
How cheering and how new !
What hopes illume each opening day,
And brighten every view !
- 2 Youth's ardent mind, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.
- 3 But slippery is the path they tread,
In pleasure's dangerous way ;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.
- 4 How shall they, then, their course pursue
Through life's uncertain road ?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God ?
- 5 In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to every eye ;
It leads us in a path secure
To brighter worlds on high.
- 6 O be this word our constant guide,
Our steadfast hope and trust !
This ne'er can fail, though all beside
Shall mingle with the dust.

† Exeter Coll.

330. 8, 8, 6 M.

The universal Providence of God.

- 1 THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains,
That fill this chequered scene.
- 2 His piercing eye at once surveys,
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls :
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.
- 3 Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love, with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name !
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days ;—
Thou ever art the same.

† John Taylor.

331. L. M.

Improvement of the Shortness of Life.

- 1 THE short-lived day declines in haste ;
The night of death approaches fast ;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.
- 2 With willing hearts, and active hands,
Lord ! may we practise thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.

† Exeter Coll.
(272)

332. S. M.

A timely Improvement of Life. Jer. xiii. 16. & James iv. 13.

- 1 **THE swift-declining day—
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.**
- 2 **Ye mortals! mark its pace;
Improve the hours of light;
And know, your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.**
- 3 **His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze;
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.**
- 4 **On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.**
- 5 **Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.**
- 6 **Then shall new lustre break,
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.**

Doddridge

333. C. M.

The Account to be required for our Talents.

- 1 THE time draws near, when thou, my soul¹
Thy last account must give;
When thy whole life shall be surveyed
By him who bade thee live.
- 2 How many talents, O my God!
Hast thou bestowed on me!
But yet how few can there be found
Devoted, Lord! to thee!
- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store;
And thy more precious word,
Thy talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my Lord!
- 4 Much of my time, alas! I've lost,
And much have I mispent;
How careless of my grand concern!
On trifles how intent!
- 5 O may the slothful servant's doom,
My holy care excite;
Each talent may I well improve,
And in thy work delight!

† Exeter Coll.

334. S. M.

Light and Deliverance.

- 1 THE traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

- 2 Thus sweet, the dawn of day
 Which weary sinners find,
 When mercy with reviving ray
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppressed with chains,
 How kind, how dear the friend,
 Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end!
- 4 Thus dear that Friend divine,
 Who rescues captive souls;
 Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
 And all its power controls.
- 5 My God! to gospel light
 My dawn of hope I owe;
 Once, wandering in the shades of night,
 And sunk in hopeless wo.
- 6 Thy hand redeemed the slave,
 And set the prisoner free:
 Be all I am, and all I have,
 Devoted, Lord! to thee!

Mrs. Steele,

335. L. M.

Heaven the Reward of Virtuous Exertions. Dan. xii. 3.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
 With never-fading lustre shine;
 Surprising honour, vast reward,
 Conferred on man by love divine!

- 3 How happy they, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road ;
Whom love, with holy zeal, employs,
To bring the wandering soul to God !
- 4 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 5 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies !

Mrs. Steele.

336. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,—
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With clear, unclouded eyes ;—
- 6 Could we but stand, as Moses stood,
 And view the prospect o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore !
- Watts.

337. L. M.

Divine Mercy. Ps. cxxx.

- 1 THERE is forgiveness, Lord ! with thee,
 The humble penitent to cheer ;
 That all, who thy rich mercy see,
 May hope and love, as well as fear.
- 2 More welcome than the morning's face
 To those who long for breaking day,
 Great God ! is that abundant grace
 Which thy kind promises display.
- 3 Our trust is fixed upon thy word,
 Nor shall we trust thy word in vain :
 Let contrite souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.

† Exeter Coll.

338. C. M.

Earthly and Heavenly Treasures compared. Luke xii. 33.

- 1 THESE mortal joys—how soon they fade !
 How swift they pass away !
 The dying flower reclines its head,
 The beauty of a day.

- 2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own ;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.
- 3 But there are joys, which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,—
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 4 The seeds, which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

Doddridge.

339. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THOSE happy realms of joy and peace,
Fain would my heart explore,
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.
- 2 No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame ;
But ever-active vigour rise
To feed the vital flame.
- 3 But ah ! a dreary vale between,
Extends its awful gloom ;
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.
- 4 O for the eye of faith divine
To pierce beyond the grave !
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save !

- 5 Here fix, my soul! for life is here
Light breaks amid the gloom;
Trust in thy Father's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

Mrs. Steele.

340. C. M.

Charity essential to the Christian Character. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 THOUGH every grace my speech adorned
That flows from every tongue;
Though I could rise to loftier strains
Than ever angels sung:—
- 2 Though with prophetic lore inspired,
I made all mysteries plain;
Yet, were I void of Christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Though I dispense with liberal hand,
My goods to feed the poor;
Or, firm to conscience and to truth,
A martyr's fate endure:—
- 4 Nay, though my faith, with boundless power,
Ev'n mountains could remove;
'Twere all in vain, should I be found
A stranger still to love.

Scotch Paraphrases.

341. C. M.

God the Preserver of frail Man.

- 1 THOUGH others, confident and vain,
Nor death, nor danger fear,
We would a lively sense maintain,
That death is ever near.

- 2 Just like the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And droops if one be gone :
Strange that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long !
- 4 'Tis God alone upholds our frame,
Who reared it from the dust :
Hosanna to his mighty name,
In whom is all our trust !

Watts.

342. L. M.

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

- 1 THOU, Lord ! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light ;—
- 3 So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face ;
Yet those, who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

5 O thou! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

6 While we thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

Mason.

343. L. M.

‘Thou hast been our Dwelling-place in all Generations.’ Ps. xc.

1 THOU, Lord! through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God!
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blessed;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

3 Lo! we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers’ place:
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers’ God receive,
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise!

Doddridge.

344. L. M.

God omnipresent. Ps. cxxxix.

- 1 Thou, Lord! by strictest search, hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts, my private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye:
- 4 Oh! could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord! could I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light:
Not death can hide what thou would'st spy,
And hell lies naked to thine eye.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
'ould kindle darkness into day.

- 8 Search, try, O God! my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

Tate.

345. C. M.

• Penitent Supplication.

- 1 Thou, Lord! in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere :
Thou wilt, with gracious eye, behold
The penitential tear.
- 2 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,
The power of vice control;
Restore bright reason's ray divine,
To purify the soul.
- 3 O God! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray;
And guide my steps direct and safe
In virtue's peaceful way.
- 4 Let me no more, with wilful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend :
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
Since thou wilt be my Friend.

Jervis.

346. C. M.

Living habitually in the Fear of God. Prov. xxiii. 17.

- 1 THRICE happy men, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear!

- 2 **Midst hourly cares, may we present**
Our offerings to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 **As sanctified to noblest ends,**
Be each refreshment sought ;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 **When to laborious duties called,**
Or by temptations tried ;
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 **As different scenes of life arise,**
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 6 **In solid pure delights like these,**
Let all our days be past ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear, the last.

Doddridge.

347. C. M.

Encouragement from the Experience of God's Goodness.

- 1 **THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,**
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 **The hosts of God encamp around**
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

- 3 O make but trial of his love !
 Experience will decide,
 How blessed are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints ! and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 O make his service your delight ;
 Your wants shall be his care !
- Tate, alt'd.

348. C. M.

God immutable. Ps. cii.

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
 O ever-blessed God !
 Ages to come shall know thy name,
 And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid ;
 By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
 With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Formed by thy powerful hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thou, O God ! art still the same,
 And endless are thy days ;
 Thy bright perfections ever shine
 With undiminished rays.
- 5 Thy servants' children, still thy care,
 Shall own their fathers' God,
 To latest time thy favour share,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

349. L. M.

Our Portion in Life appointed by God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all, their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this our care,—to all beside
Indifferent let our wishes be;
Passion be calm, subdued be pride,
And fixed our souls, great God! on thee.

Liverpool Old Coll.

350. L. M.

Love to God and Man. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

- 1 THUS saith the first and great command,—
'Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 'Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Thy heart's sincere affection prove;
And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure to him the debt of love.'

- 3 But while these sacred truths we own,
 How cold remain our bosoms still!
 Wake our best passions, God of love!
 And mould our spirits to thy will.

Watts.

351. 6 l. L. M.

Divine Mercy.

- 1 'Tis mercy calls,—a tribute bring
 Of grateful homage to our King;
 In strains of joy proclaim abroad,
 The boundless mercy of our God:
 'Tis mercy calls,—in chorus raise
 To God, a song of heartfelt praise.
- 2 His eye beholds each anxious fear,
 The stifled sigh, the silent tear;
 He sees the widow's streaming eye,
 He hears the hungry orphan's cry;
 Depending worlds his bounty share,
 And meanest insects are his care.
- 3 Ye pious, but dejected minds,
 Whom error darkens, weakness binds,
 Lift from the dust your mournful eye,
 And know, the Lord, your help, is nigh;
 Let hope in every bosom spring,
 For mercy dwells with heaven's high King.
- 4 All ye who feel the stroke of time,
 And ye whose cheeks confess their prime,
 Your Maker and Preserver praise
 For early and for lengthened days:
 Let all with heartfelt praises sing,
 The mercies of our heavenly King.

Williams' Coll. alt'd.

352. C. M.

The distinguished Goodness of God to Man.

- 1 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord!
In all thy works appear;
But most thy praise should man record,—
Man, thy distinguished care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains:
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threatening ills impend,
Or will the impending danger ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 4 Yet nobler gifts demand his praise;
Of reason's light possessed;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blessed.
- 5 All bounteous Lord! thy grace impart:
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love!

Mrs. Steele.

353. C. M.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

- 1 Time—what an empty vapour 'tis!
Our days,—how swift they are!
Swift as the feathered arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We then begin to die.
- 3 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy constant favours share;
Thy bounties, in ten thousand ways,
Still crown the rolling year.
- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round;
(All glory to the Lord!)
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
And be thy name adored.
- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when our days are o'er,
Let age to age thy praise prolong,
Till time shall be no more.

Watts.

354. C. M.

God the Source of Consolation and Health.

- 1 To calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heavenly Friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret wo control;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst sooth each mortal care;
And every deep and heartfelt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
 Thy potent arm can save
 From threatening danger and disease,
 And the devouring grave.
- 5 Eternal Source of life and health,
 And every bliss we feel !
 In sorrow and in joy, to thee
 Our grateful hearts appeal.

Jervin

355. L. M.

Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 To God let fervent prayers arise
 With every daily sacrifice,
 The great Messiah's reign to spread,
 And with new honours crown his head.
- 2 Soon may he reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 3 Great God ! may realms of every tongue
 Dwell on thy love with grateful song ;
 And with united hearts proclaim,
 That grace and truth by Jesus came.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
 The contrite heart with peace is blessed ;
 The weary find eternal rest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
 The sting of death is known no more ;
 He points our views and hopes on high,
 To regions of eternal joy.

- 6 Parent of good! to thee we trace
 These boundless stores of richest grace;
 All have their source in love divine,
 And be the praise and glory thine.
 Watts, alt'd.

356. S. M.

The Shortness and Uncertainty of Life.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord! is thine,
 Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our lives away:
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken, by thy almighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
 Still may this be pursued!
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

Doddridge.

357. L. M.

Divine Love displayed in the Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 To thee, my heart, Eternal King!
 Would now its thankful tribute bring;
 To thee its humble homage raise,
 In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

- 2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word, I trace.
The richer glories of thy grace.
- 3 There, what delightful truths are given!
There Jesus shows the way to heaven;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O may our song
Through endless years thy praise prolong;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more!

† Exeter Coll.

358. C. M.

The Ways of the Righteous known to God. Ps. xixvii. 18.

- 1 To thee, O God! my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought:
My actions are before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
My vacant hours, my active scenes,
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 Each well-spent moment of my life
Thy mercy will approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die:
And, when all earthly scenes are o'er,
Thou, Lord! wilt still be nigh.
Doddridge.

359. L. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness. Mal. iv. 2.

- 1 To thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of righteousness;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 O may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west!
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun!
- 4 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints, through endless day!
Doddridge.

360. L. M.

Divine Protection. Ps. cxxi.

- 1 To those bright realms I lift mine eyes,
Those realms of bliss beyond the skies,
Whence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood :
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 His servants, thus divinely blessed,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Their holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 With grateful hearts his care we own ;
Still may we go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; still may his care
Defend our lives from every snare !

Watts, alt'd.

361. C. M.

The Power of God.

- 1 'Twas God who formed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies ;
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

- 2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined :
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning skies ;
Loud thunders round him roar :
All heaven attends him as he flies,
All hell proclaims his power.
- 4 He speaks, and nature's wheels stand still ;
They cease their wonted round :
The mountains melt; the trembling hills
Forsake their ancient bound.
- 5 He scatters nations with his breath ;
The scattered nations fly :
Blue pestilence, and wasting death,
Confess the Godhead nigh.
- 6 Ye worlds ! with every living thing,
Fulfil his high command :
Pay duteous homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

Liverpool Old Coll.

362. L. M.

God the Source of Life to the whole Creation. Ps. civ.

- 1 VAST are thy works, almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon thy word ;
By thee alone all creatures live,
And from thy hand all good receive.
- 2 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint, and die ;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruined offspring mourns.

- 3 But soon thy breath her loss supplies ;
She sees a new-born race arise,
And, o'er her regions scattered wide,
The blessings of thy hand divide.
- 4 To God, in joyful strains, my tongue
Shall pour the tributary song ;
And, long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of his love proclaim.
Merrick, alt'd.

363. L. M.

Patience. Isa. xxx. 18.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope !
And let his word support your soul :
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
His treasured mercy to display ;
And his paternal bosom melts,
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blessed are the patient souls that bow
With meek submission to his will :
Though sorrows press, they firmly trust,
And, in the midst of storms, are still ;
- 4 Until their Father's well-known voice,
Awakes their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.
Doddridge.
(296)

364. C. M.

Human Frailty.

- 1 **WEAK** and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life's voyage is of awful length,
Through dangers little known :
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

Cowper.

365. C. M.

Anxiety reproved.

- 1 **WE** would not seek, with God our friend,
With anxious care, to know
Or how, or when, our lives shall end,
Or what our lot below.
- 2 The same kind Power that gave us breath,
Still holds us in his hand ;
And when he bids us sleep in death,
All-wise is his command.

- 3 That Power whose watchful goodness feeds
The warblers of the air,
And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,
Shall we not be his care?
- 4 If lengthened years our lives shall crown,
Then be his praise expressed;
Or if in this he cuts us down,
Still, what he does is best.
- 5 May we, the good each hour supplies,
Receive with grateful mind;
And, when our fairest pleasure dies,
Be humble and resigned.
- 6 How swift our moments steal away!
E'en while we speak they fly;
Then let us seize the passing day,
And only live, to die.

† Monthly Anthology, alt'd.

366. L. M.

'Where shall the Ungodly appear.' 1 Pet. iv. 18.

- 1 WHAT power shall be the sinner's stay—
How shall he meet that dreadful day
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll?—
- 2 That day of wrath, that awful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
When louder yet, and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be then, O Lord! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

† Walter Scott.
(298)

367. C. M.

Joy in God under all Circumstances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **WHAT** though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny ;
 The labour of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply :
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see ;
 Though famine pine in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be ;
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love ;
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- 4 He is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy ;
 A joy which want cannot impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

† Scotch Paraphrases.

368. L. M.

The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 **WHAT** works of wisdom, power, and love,
 Do Jesus' high commission prove ;
 Attest his heaven-derived claim,
 And glorify his Father's name !
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,
 He pours the bright celestial ray ;
 And deafened ears, by him unbound,
 Catch all the harmony of sound.

- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve ; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers ;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul ! these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore ?

Butcher.

369. L. M.

God is Love.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh ! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 5 But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

Cowper.

370. 8, 8, 6 M.

The dying Saint.

- 1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who lived averse from sin !
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !
See bending angels downward bow,
To lift his soul on high !
While eager for the blessed abode,
He joins with them to praise the God
Who taught him how to die.
- 3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast ;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And sooths his soul to rest.
- 4 O grant, my Father and my Friend !
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
So calm, my evening close ;
While loosed from every earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To thee, from whom I rose !

Belfast Coll.

371. C. M.

The supreme Good. Ps. iv. 6, 7.

- 1 **WHEN** fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfined
Amid the unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor
To make us fully blessed.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering, specious wile ;
For what can yield a real joy
But our Creator's smile !
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great Source of all felicity,
To whom our wishes tend !
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end ?

Mrs. Steele.

372. C. M.

The Comforts of Religion.

- 1 **WHEN** gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade ;

- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's bewildered, darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
This blessed supporter of the mind
Affords a powerful aid.
- 5 O may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief!

Mrs. Steele.

373. L. M.

But no Man knoweth of his Sepulchre.' Deut. xxxiv. 6.

- 1 WHEN he, who, from the scourge of wrong,
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die;
- 2 God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale enclose;
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber there in long repose.
- 3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again

- 4 Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

*

374. C. M.

Thankfulness and Resignation.

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy goodness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord! to thee.
- 4 And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
- 5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 6 Let the blessed hope that I am thine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Mrs. Steele.

375. C. M.

The Discipline of God's Providence.

- 1 **WHEN** I review the devious ways,
Through which my feet have trod,
I find incessant cause to bless
And love my guardian God.
- 2 Through all the labyrinth of life,
My folly he pursued ;
And by some gracious providence,
My rebel heart subdued.
- 3 I rarely planned, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless ;
Oft I lamented an event
Which turned to my success.
- 4 When labouring under fancied ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cured with wholesome draughts
Of unaffected pain.
- 5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,
And pointing to the grave,
Made terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.
- 6 Life's better purposes to fix
Within my treacherous mind,
The blessings he to-day conferred,
To-morrow, I resigned.
- 7 Yet still from seeds in sorrow sown,
The richest harvest rose,
And in my Father's will, I've found
An absolute repose.

Young, alt'd.

376. L. M.

A Conversation becoming the Gospel. Tit. ii. 10—13.

- 1 WHEN Jesus, our great Master, came
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.
- 2 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of Almighty God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 4 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 5 What though we drink of sorrow's cup—
Religion bears our spirits up;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
Watts.

377. C. M.

'He healeth the broken in Heart, and bindeth up their Wounds.'
Ps. cxlvii. 3.

- 1 WHEN rest of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What power shall save us from despair,
What, dissipate the gloom?

- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can sooth the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our wo to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love
That long has ceased to burn.
- 4 Then, O my soul! to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.
- † Drummond.

378. C. M.

Hope in the Divine Mercy.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But there's forgiveness, Lord! with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord! is thine.

- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul,
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control!
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour,
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

Addison.

379. C. M.

'This Mortal shall put on Immortality.' 1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
The opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake:
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold! what heavenly prophets sang
Is now at last fulfilled;
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
Let hope exulting sing:
O grave! where is thy triumph now?
O death! where is thy sting?
- 5 Our God, whose name be ever blessed!
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conquerors when we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

- 6 **Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around ;
And in the work prescribed by God,
Yet more and more abound.**

† Scotch Paraphrases, alt'd.

380. C. M.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

- 1 **WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.**
- 2 **Their frail support deceives no more
When death his sceptre shows,
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.**
- 3 **The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint, but learn, my soul !
On nature's God to trust.**
- 4 **The man, whose pious heart is fixed
On his all-gracious God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.**
- 5 **Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heaven his soul relies ;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.**

Heginbotham.

381. L. M.

Humility.

- 1 **WHEREFORE** should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
Oh! why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 **His** brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 5 **God of our lives! Father divine!**
Give us a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth, O may we shine,
And peace in humble virtue find!

Enfield.

382. C. M.

Love the most excellent of Christian Graces. 1 Cor. xiii. 4.

- 1 **WHERE** love with other graces reigns,
The mind is truly blessed;
For love, the noblest of the train,
Aids and exalts the rest.

- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And soon forgets the past.
- 3 Meekness and peace her bosom fill,
From wrath and malice pure ;
She hopes, believes, and thinks no ill,
And all things will endure.
- 4 She nor desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals men devise ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who rise.
- 5 She, by another's good required,
Lays gain and ease aside ;
So, by his fervent love inspired,
For us our Master died.
- 6 Love is the grace which keeps her power
In all the realms above :
There, hope and faith are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

Watts.

383. L. M.

A good Conscience the best Support.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience, to the last;—
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.

- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though heaven afflict, shall I repine ?
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which will o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils :
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,—
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

Cotton.

384. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :
That heart shall rest on thee !

Miss Williams.

385. L. M.

God known by his Works.

- 1 Who can by searching find out God ?
Who can ascend his bright abode ?
Yet, Lord ! thy glories we adore,
And wish to know and love thee more.
- 2 Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles
On which the vast creation rolls ;
The starry heavens proclaim thy power ;
Thy pencil glows in every flower.
- 3 In various shapes and colours rise
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;
And all the forms of life combine
To teach an origin divine.
- 4 Beneath the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep, or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

- 5 O may the sons of men record
The various goodness of the Lord!
How vast his works, how kind his ways!
Let every heart adore and praise.
Watts, alt'd.

386. L. M.

Equity of the Divine Dispensations.

- 1 Who, gracious Father! can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his powers and aids can bear?
- 2 With differing climes, and differing lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thy hand hath framed this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.
- 3 Varied alike, thy moral ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day:
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life has shown.
- 4 Large is the bounty of his hand?
He will a large return demand:
Haste, then, life's arduous work pursue,
And keep the heavenly prize in view.
Scott, alt'd.

387. L. M.

The one Thing needful. Luke x. 42.

- 1 WHY should we waste, in trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite us from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying love;
Shall wakened conscience give us pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so our eyes will always view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

Doddridge, alt'd.

388. L. M.

: Trust founded on the Divine Perfections.

1 Why sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand;
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine.

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

Mrs. Steefer

389. C. M.

God no Respector of Persons.

- 1 **With** eye impartial, heaven's high King
 Surveys each human tribe ;
 No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
 No wealth his favour bribe.
- 2 The rich and poor, for happiness
 His hand alike did frame ;
 All souls are his, and him may all
 Their common Parent claim.
- 3 Ye sons of men of high degree !
 Your great Superior own ;
 Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
 Your homage at his throne.
- 4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor !
 And banish every fear ;
 The God you serve will ne'er forsake
 The man of heart sincere.

Needham, alt'd.

390. C. M.

Habitual Resignation.

- 1 **With** God my friend, the radiant sun
 Sheds a more lively ray :
 Each object smiles ; all nature charms ;
 I chase my cares away.
- 2 Good, when he gives, supremely good ;
 Nor less, when he denies :
 Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

- 3 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind :
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

Toplady's Coll.

391. c. M.

The Goodness of God to the Righteous. Ps. ~~xxxi~~. 19.

- 1 WITH pleasing wonder, Lord ! we view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestowed, how much reserved,
For those who seek thy face !
- 2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the covenant of thy love ;
They find diviner store.
- 3 Thy mercy pardons all their sins,
And checks each rising sigh,
Blesses their lives with present joys,
And lifts their hopes on high.
- 4 Treasures of happiness unknown
Will crown their life to come ;
Peaceful and pleasant is their way,
And happy is their home.
- 5 What equal tribute can we pay,
Or how such goodness own ?
But 'tis our joy that, Lord ! to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 6 Since time's too short, O gracious God !
To utter all thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

Doddridge.

392. C. M.

Christian Love.

- 1 WITH pure delight the bosom glows,
Where love to God resides ;
And blessed, and blessing, is his heart,
Where charity abides.
- 2 Prompted by love, to misery's call
He never shuts his ear ;
And, o'er the sorrows others feel,
Oft sheds the silent tear.
- 3 Doth virtue in distress appear ?
Doth grief the heart invade ?
Doth humble poverty complain,
And seek his friendly aid ?
- 4 Benevolence his bosom warms,
And love his actions guides ;
A friend in him the poor man finds ;
In him the heart confides.
- 5 For him, the sweet rewards of love
On earth, are kept in store ;
And God will be his constant friend,
His portion evermore.

† Exeter Coll.

393. C. M.

The Providence of God in the Seasons.

- 1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word and melts the snow ;
The fields no longer mourn :
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord !
Watts.

394. L. M.

Contemplation of the Character of Jesus.

- 1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy
Let all our best affections move,
When we on Christ our thought employ,—
On him, whom, though unseen, we love.
- 2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,
Hath he in all things kindly given,
To make our path of duty sure,
And guide our wandering steps to heaven !
(319)

- 3 What constancy, what pious zeal,
To do his heavenly Father's will,
His law and mercy to reveal,
And his all-gracious plans fulfil!
- 4 In all, with gratitude we view
The steady purpose of his soul,
Our worldly passions to subdue,
And all the powers of sin control.
- 5 Father of all! his God and ours!
Accept the humble, joyful praise,
Which, with our souls' united powers,
For thy rich grace through him, we raise.
† Exeter Coll.

395. C. M.

God the everlasting Light of good Men. Isa. lx. 20.

- 1 Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
No more the noon-day sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

Doddridge.

396. C. M.

Christ's Death and Exaltation. Mat. xxviii. 56.

1 YE humble souls ! who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 His life for us he freely gave ;
Such wonders love can do !
Thus, cold in death, that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain :
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again !

4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonoured head ;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With cheerful hope may every saint
The vale of death survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

Doddridge.

- 4 When time and death shall be no more,
To those bright realms his saints shall soar,
And, welcomed by their faithful Lord,
Shall then receive their vast reward.

† Liverpool (Paradise st.) Cell.

400. L. P. M.

Reflections on Death.

- 1 YET a few years, or days, perhaps,
Or moments, pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more!
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.
- 2 Great God! how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between:
And can I waste life's fleeting day?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shivered when they're torn away.
- 3 Great Cause of all, above, below!
Who knows thee must for ever know
Thou art immortal and divine:
Thine image on my soul impressed,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

Hawkesworth.

(324)

PART THIRD.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS, AND FOR PRIVATE
AND DOMESTIC DEVOTION.

401. C. M.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.
- 3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore my peace ;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

- 5 Here will I rest, here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,—
My health, my life, my God !

Cotton.

402. C. M.

God our perpetual Benefactor.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious Lord !
Kind Guardian of my days !
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy continual care,
Before I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe an infant's prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How feeble was her aid !
How little of my God I knew !
How oft from thee I strayed !
- 4 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unfailing love
That saved me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.
- 5 How many blessings round me shone
Where'er I turned mine eye !
How many passed almost unknown
Or unregarded by !
- 6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store :
In vain, great God ! my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

- 7 While thus reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Superior blessings claim my praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.
- 8 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours nobler still,—
The truths and precepts of thy word,
Which teach me all thy will.

Mrs. Steele.

403. C. M.

Serious Reflections on our Moral Condition

- 1 AND now, my soul ! another year
Of my short life is past :
I cannot long continue here ,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain !
- 3 Awake, my soul ! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins ;
Set out afresh for heaven :
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ, so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Brown.

404. L. M.

For the Dedication of a Place of Worship. Ps. lxxxvii. 5

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode ?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own ?
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise ;
Long may they echo with thy praise ;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest blessings of thy grace.
- 3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory, here.
Doddridge

405. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone :
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone
To join the fugitives before ;
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,
But soon a fairer day shall rise,—
A day, whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone ;
In solemn silence rest, my soul !
Bow down before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.
- † Collyer's Coll.

406. L. M.

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 As the sweet flower which scents the morn.
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn !
Thus swiftly fled his life away !
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom for ever there.
- 3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.
- 4 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desire ;
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 5 He died to sin, he died to care ;
But for a moment felt the rod,
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

407. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 By influence of the light divine,
Let thine own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And, with thyself, my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Bp. Ken.

408. S. M.

The Birth of Christ. Luke ii. 14

- 1 **BEHOLD!** the grace appears,—
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near
In this triumphant song:

- 2 ' Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels, joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !'
 - 3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs :
 - 4 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels, joy,
At our Redeemer's birth !
- Watts.

409. S. M.

Support in Death. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul ! must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu !
Which I so long have known :
My friends ! a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.
- 3 But see ! a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks through these dreary realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.
- 4 Where death, where darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

- 5 Great Shepherd! lead me on;
 My soul disdains to fear;
 Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
 Now life's great Lord is near.

Doddridge

410. C. M.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them. Ps. cxix.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord!
 And thy deliverance send:
 My soul for thy salvation faints;—
 When will my troubles end?
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod;
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.
- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
 When new distress begins;
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk among the dead.
- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord! are right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 The sharpest sufferings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.
- 6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
 My feet were apt to stray;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

Watts.

411. L. M.

'This do in Remembrance of me.' 1 Cor. xi. 24.

- 1 'EAT, drink, in memory of your friend:—
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live for ever blessed.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou kindest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love, the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee, transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

Dublin Coll. alt'd.

412. 8, 8, 6 M.

Serious Reflections on the Uncertainty of Life.

- 1 ETERNAL bliss, and lasting wo,
Hang on this span of life below,
This short, uncertain breath;
My heavenly Father only knows,
Whether another day shall close,
Ere I expire in death.
- 2 Before thy throne, great God! I bow,
And, in these solemn moments, now
Would learn my real state;
While life, and health, and time endure,
May I thy pardoning grace secure,
Before it be too late.

- 3 If in destruction's road I stray,
Teach me to choose that better way
Which leads to joys on high;
My soul renew, my sins forgive;
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

† Exeter Coll.

413. C. M.

On Occasion of a Destructive Fire.

- 1 **ETERNAL** God! our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow:
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou!
- 2 Fanned by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
Like a wild deluge pour;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies mouldered in an hour.
- 3 Led on by thee, in horrid pomp,
Destruction rears its head;
And blackened walls, and smoking heaps,
Through all the streets are spread.
- 4 Lord! in the dust we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous ire;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
That snatched us from the fire.
- 5 O may we view, with dauntless eyes,
The last tremendous day,
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
In flames shall melt away!

Doddridge.

414. C. M.

The aged Christian's Reflections and Hopes.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Sire! enthroned on high,
Whom heavenly hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh!
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule!
- 3 My flying years time urges on;
What's human must decay;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?
- 4 Ah! no:—then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

Williams' Coll.

415. L. M.

The Year crowned with Goodness. Ps. lxxv. 11.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer suns with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive hymns of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
Hereafter join in nobler songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!
Doddridge.

416. C. M.

Secret Devotion. Mat. vi. 6.

- 1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage, paid
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise, and fervent prayer,
Employ the silent hour.

- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
 The day shall close in peace ;
 So wilt thou train me for the skies,
 Where joy shall never cease.
 Doddridge.

417. 8, 8, 6 M.

The Parent's Prayer.

1. FATHER of all ! whose sovereign will
 Hath called thy servant to fulfil
 The parent's tender part ;
 With gifts and graces from above,
 With calmest care, and wisest love,
 Instruct my erring heart.
- 2 O may I every moment see
 The end for which alone to me
 Thou hast my children given !
 A blessed instrument divine,
 Through thee, to make and keep them thine,
 And train them up for heaven :
- 3 My first concern, their souls to rear,
 And, principled with godly fear,
 In virtue's paths to lead ;
 The hunger after thee, excite,
 And stir them up with all their might
 To seek their living bread.
- 4 Thou, Lord ! my every wish prevent,
 And guard whom thou to me hast lent,
 And guide them by thine eye ;
 Conduct,—or to thyself receive :
 O let them to thy glory live,
 Or innocently die !

† Charles Wesley, A.M.

418. L. M.

Family Duties and Blessings. Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 **FATHER** of men! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised ;
Though Lord of heaven, he deigns to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To him let each united house,
Morning and night, present their vows ;
And servants with the rising race,
Be taught his precepts, and his grace.
- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joys that parents only know.
- 5 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While pleased, and thankful, we remove
To join thy family above !

Doddridge.

419. L. M.

' Some trust in Chariots, and some in Horses : ' Ps. xx. 7.

- 1 For safety in the evil day,
Some trust to strength, to wealth, or speed ;
But vain is mammon's bright array,
The rapid car, and warrior steed.

- 2 If heaven but frown,—they fade, they fly,—
An arm unseen consumes their might;
'They faint, they totter, sink, and die,
Oppressed by everlasting night.
- 3 But we to God, the wise and just,
Will lift the voice of prayer and praise;
In his almighty arm we trust,
And in his name our banner raise.

† Drummond.

420. 8 & 7 s. M.

Desires after Christian Obedience.

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,—
Joy attend us in believing!
Peace from God, through endless day!

Exeter Coll.

421. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

- 2 Forgive me, Lord! through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly choir!
O may his praise my soul inspire!
Bp. Ken. alt'd.

422. P. M.

A Hymn for Charity Children.

- 1 God of glory! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above!
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for every good.
Thee we sing, with loud acclaim,
Praising thy all-glorious name.
- 2 More than all, we praise thee, Lord!
For the blessings of thy word,
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.
Thee we sing, &c.
- 3 Gracious Father! heavenly King!
Feeble lips presume to sing;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.
Thee we sing, &c.

423. C. M.

The aged Christian's Prayer. Ps. lxxi. 17, 18.

- 1 God of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And seen thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my Strength, depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Awaits my next remove:
O may these poor remains of breath
Proclaim thy boundless love!

Watts.

424. L. M.

Praise to God through the whole of Existence. Ps. cxlvi. 2.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would rend my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,

Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And look the thanks I cannot speak.

- 4 But Oh! when that blessed morn is come,
Which breaks the slumbers of the tomb,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

Doddridge.

425. 10 & 11 s. M.

Reflections in the Review of departed Days.

- 1 God of the changing year! whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour;
Here, in thy temple, bow thy creatures down
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own:
'Thee first, thee last,' the source and spring of blessing,
From age to age, from sire to son confessing.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness,—all are thine:
Thy hand hath fixed the seasons' sure succession,
And marked the circling year's complete progression.
- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless,—thou wert true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit,—thou wert present there;
Where'er we roved, our wandering steps attending,
With outstretched arm our heads from ill defending.
- 4 Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet;
Well may we bow in silent shame before thee,
Less the clouds that scatter darkness o'er thee.

5 O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee !
 Where'er we dwell, there let thy mercy be ;
 From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
 Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine ;
 'Thee first, thee last,' the source and spring of blessing,
 From youth to age, in life, in death confessing.
 † E. Taylor.

426. L. M.

Life precarious. Jer. xxviii. 16.

- 1 God of our lives ! thy constant care
 With blessings crowns each opening year ;
 These lives, so frail, thy love prolongs,
 And wakes anew our annual songs.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
 To the dark regions of the dead,
 Since, from this day, the circling sun
 Through his last yearly course has run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
 Or through the year, or month, or day,
 He shall retain his vital breath,
 Secure from all attacks of death ?
- 4 That breath is thine, Eternal God !
 Thine, to determine our abode ;
 We hold our lives from thee alone,
 On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee we all our powers resign ;
 Make us and own us still as thine ;
 Then shall we have no cause for fear,
 Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 While time's impetuous tide rolls on,
 We know that we must soon be gone :
 O may we reach the eternal shore
 Where time and death are known no more !
 (243) Doddridge, alt'd

427. S. M.

The Designs of Providence in the Changes of the World.

- 1 **God, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise ;
But comes at length, in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.**
- 2 **His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare ;
And stained with blood, with terrors marked,
Spread wonder and despair.**
- 3 **All earthly pomp and pride,
Are in his presence lost,
Empires o'erturned, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tossed.**
- 4 **While war and wo prevail,
And desolation wide ;
In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.**
- 5 **Mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way :
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.**
- 6 **Yet, though now wrapped in clouds
And from our view concealed,
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty revealed.**
- 7 **He'll curb the lawless power,
The deadly wrath of man ;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.**

Jervis.

428. C. M.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

- 1 GREATEST of beings! Source of good!
We bow before thy throne,
Which from eternity hath stood,
And worship thee alone.
- 2 No bounds thy high perfections know;
They fill creation wide:
And wilt thou visit men below?
Wilt thou on earth abide?
- 3 Wilt thou vouchsafe thy presence here,
And shed propitious rays,
While with united hands we rear
An altar to thy praise?
- 4 Here, then, in every heart be found
The dwelling of thy choice;
And here be heard that sweetest sound,
The cheerful, thankful voice.
- 5 Here may the mind, while sunk in woes,
And comfort long delays,
On mercy's gentle breast repose,
And change its sighs for praise.
- 6 May love, with sweet resistless force,
Compel her guests to come;
Arrest the sinner's downward course,
And call the wanderer home.
- 7 While life eternal all pursue,
Here may the way be shown,
To know thyself, God only true,
And Christ thy chosen Son.

Philadelphia Select. alt'd.

- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine ;
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God ! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings richly flow ;
We see ; we taste ;—let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

Gent. Magazine.

432. L. M.

Our Years' crowned with Divine Goodness.

- 1 GREAT God ! let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name :
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand, from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee, successive honours raise.
- 3 To thee we raise the annual song ;
To thee the grateful tribute give ;
Our God doth still our years prolong,
And, midst unnumbered deaths, we live.
- 4 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 5 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

† Heginbotham.

(348)

433. L. M.

At the Dedication of a Place of Worship, or an Ordination

- 1 GREAT God! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O grant thy blessing here to-day!
O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favour, that shall never cease.
- 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light, we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here, their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

434. L. M.

God our Supporter and Preserver. Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it to its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
To thee commit in humble prayer,
And banish every anxious care.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest,
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Unchanged through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
In better worlds our souls shall boast
Our helper, God, our joy, our trust.

Doddridge, alt'd.

435. 8, 8, 6 M.

Humility implored by the Young.

- 1 GREAT Lord of all things, Power divine !
Breathe on this erring heart of mine
Thy grace serene and pure :
Defend my frail, my feeble youth ;
And teach me this important truth,
The humble are secure.
- 2 Yon tower, which lifts its head so high,
And bids defiance to the sky,
Invites the hostile winds ;
Yon branching oak, extending wide,
Provokes destruction by its pride,
And courts the fall it finds.
- 3 Then let me shun the ambitious deed,
And all the dangerous paths which lead
To honours falsely won :
Lord ! in thy sure protection blessed
Submissive will I ever rest ;
And may thy will be done !

† Liverpool (Paradise st.) Coll.

436. L. M.

At the Settlement, or Ordination of a Minister. Zech. iii. 8, 7.

- 1 GREAT Lord of angels! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And mid ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amid the wastes of time and death
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismissed from labouring here,
Thy servants join the angelic band;
With them, through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blessed employment! glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share!
- 5 Yet, while these labours we pursue,
Though distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.
Doddridge.

437. L. M.

Praise for National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
(351)

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain :
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wings,
Reviving commerce spreads her sails ;
The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord !
All move subservient to thy will ;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore !

Mrs. Steele.

438. 8, 8, 6 M.

Grateful Acknowledgment of God's constant Goodness.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good !
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content ;
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;

Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4 To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

5 Thus, gracious Father ! thee we praise ;
And while our feeble songs we raise
To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart,
To bless and love thee more.

† Exeter Coll.

439. C. M.

Advantages of Early Religion.

1 HAPPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 Youth, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God ! to thee
Our hearts we now resign :
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 O may the work of prayer and praise
Employ our daily breath !
Thus we're prepared for future days,
Or fit for early death.

Watts.

440. C. M.

Hymn for a Sunday School.

- 1 HEAR, Lord ! the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling-place,
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face !
- 2 Thanks for thy word and for thy day ;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear,—but O impart
To each, desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear !

- 4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,—
 A sun that ne'er declines ;
 And be thy mercies showered on those
 Who placed us where it shines !

† Cowper.

441. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 He dies, the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground :
 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
 The Lord of glory dies for men ;
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see,—
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 2 Break off your tears, ye saints ! and say
 How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he rose to endless day,
 And led the tyrant death in chains :
 Say, ' Live for ever, glorious King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !'
 Then ask the monster, ' Where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?'

Watts, alt'd.

442. S. M.

Family Affection founded on Religious Principles. Ps. cxxxvii.

- 1 How pleasing, Lord ! to see,
 How pure is the delight,
 When mutual love, and love to thee,
 A family unite !
- 2 From these celestial springs
 Such streams of comfort flow,
 As no increase of riches brings,
 Nor honours can bestow.

- 3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Formed for the purest joys,
By one desire possessed,
One aim the zeal of all employs,—
To make each other blessed.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet ;
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.
- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Watts.

443. 10 & 11 s. M.

The unfailing Beneficence of God. Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

- 1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing ;
The opening year his bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.
- 2 Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Enriched with grass and corn, and oil and wine ;
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;
With grateful love, that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth every blessing.

- 3 His mercy never fails ; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties through new scenes displayed ;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.
The deathless soul through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- 4 Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature, join ;
Angels and men, in harmony combine !
While human years are measured by the sun,
Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending !

Doddridge.

444. L. P. M.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

- 1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
From thee our public blessings spring :
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore ;
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs :
Here still may God in mercy reign ;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

445. C. M.

A general Hymn of Praise.

- 1 INDULGENT Father! how divine,
How rich thy bounties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.
- 2 But in the nobler work of grace,
What sweeter mercy smiles,
Reflected from the Saviour's face,
And every fear beguiles!
- 3 Such wonders, Lord! while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.
- 4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But Oh! how blessed my song shall rise,
In a seraphic lay,
When all thy glories meet my eyes
Through an eternal day!

Sowden.

446. C. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God! whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown;
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne!

2 What mercies hath this day bestowed !
 How largely hast thou blessed !
 My cup with plenty overflowed,
 With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free ;
 And let my waking thoughts arise,
 To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
 In their alternate round ;
 And, after death, in realms of light,
 May I with Christ be found !

Gentleman's Magazine.

447. L. M.

The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully owned.

1 In glad amazement, Lord ! I stand,
 Amidst the bounties of thy hand :
 How numberless these bounties are,
 How rich, how various, and how fair !

2 But Oh ! what poor return I make !
 What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !
 Lord ! I confess with humble shame,
 My offerings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my labouring heart devise,
 To bring some nobler sacrifice ;
 It sinks beneath the mighty load :
 What shall I render to my God !

4 To thee I consecrate my praise,
 And vow the remnant of my days ;
 Yet what, at best, can I pretend,
 Worthy such gifts from such a Friend !

- 5 In deep abasement, Lord! I see
My emptiness and poverty:
Give me a likeness more divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.
- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heaven may echo with my song;
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of immortality.

Doddridge.

448. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head!
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

Hawkesworth.

449. C. M.

National Tranquillity and Security from God.

- 1 In vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide ;
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.
- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet ;—
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through every trembling land.
- 3 His purpose wrought,—again he speaks,
And desolations cease ;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.
- 4 Mortals ! adore his sovereign power,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

Patrick.

450. L. M.

God our Father.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures lose their power ;—
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ;—
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ;—
My Father⁴ still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noon-tide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay ev'n the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

451. S. M.

⁴ Is it such a Fast that I have chosen?' Isa. lviii. 5.

- 1 'Is this a fast for me,'—
Thus saith the Lord our God,
'A day for man to vex his soul
And feel affliction's rod ?
- 2 Like bulrush low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes round him spread :—
- 3 Shall day like this have power
To stay the avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land ?
- 4 No—is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose :
- 5 'To nakedness and want,
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal ?

- 6 Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light,
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright !"

† Drummond.

452. L. M.

Praise to the God of the Seasons. Ps. lxx.

- 1 JEHOVAH bids the morning ray
Smile in the east, and bring the day :
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
'To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3 'Tis from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty land supply ;
His silent dews enrich the ground,
And shed the hopes of harvest round.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field ;
Abundant fruit the valleys yield ;
The vales resound with cheerful voice,
Till distant hills repeat their joys.
- 5 His works pronounce his power divine ;
On every field his glories shine ;
Through every month his gifts appear,
And joy and goodness crown the year.

Watts.

453. L. M.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

- 1 **JESUS** is gone above the sky,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And earthly objects court our eye,
To thrust the Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope might prove;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
This kind memorial of his love.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With emblems of his flesh and blood:
With grateful hearts, we break this bread,
Remembering him, and blessing God.
- 4 Be sinful pleasures all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him!
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

Watts, alt'd.

454. S. M.

The Love of our Saviour, prompting to Christian Love.

- 1 **JESUS**, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey
And own our gracious Lord.

- 2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.
 - 3 Here let our powers unite
His honoured name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
 - 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let every heart
With kind affections glow.
 - 5 Warmed with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord ! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.
- Watts, partly.

455. P. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 LAUDED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest,
Blessed are they thou kindly keepest !
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !
 - 2 God of evening's yellow ray !
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity !
- (365) G g 2

Thine the flaming sphere of light,
 Thine the darkness of the night!
 God of life, that fade shall never!
 Glory to thy name for ever!

† Hogg, alt'd.

456. C. M.

In a Thunder Storm.

- 1 Let coward guilt, with pallid fear,
 To sheltering caverns fly,
 And justly dread the awful Power
 That thunders through the sky.
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law
 The threatening storms obey,
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure
 As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 The lightning's lurid glare,
 It views the same all-gracious Power
 Which breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever varying scene.
 By different ways pursued,
 The one eternal end of Heaven
 Is universal good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect
 O'er flaming æther glows,
 As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
 And blushes in the rose.
- 6 When through creation's vast expanse
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the guilty soul;

- 7 Unmoved, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of everlasting day.

Mrs. Carter.

457. C. M.

Hymn for those who have returned from abroad. Ps. cvi.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O God! ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wandering exile, doomed to stray
O'er many a desert wide ;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With God his guard, and guide :—
- 4 The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending lower,
Or tempests rage ; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty power :—
- 5 The wretch, who, pressed by countless woes
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord ! on thee :
- 6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heavenly aid they prove ;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy boundless power and love.

New Selection.

458. P. M.

Hymn for Easter.

- 1 **LIFT** your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
' The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.'

- 2 **Glory** to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

† Christian Disciple..

459. C. M.

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 **LIFE** is a span, a fleeting hour;—

How soon the vapour flies!

Man is a tender, transient flower,

That e'en in blooming dies.

- 2 **The** once-loved form, now cold and dead,

Each mournful thought employs;

And nature weeps, her comforts fled,

And withered all her joys.

- 3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And, lo ! stern winter flies ;
And, dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom, to fade no more.
- 5 Then cease, fond nature ! cease thy tears :
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

Mrs. Steele.

460. L. M.

Prospects of the Real Christian. Ps. xvii.

- 1 Lord ! I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love :
Whate'er my trials, I would see
Thy hand in all, and bow to thee.
- 2 What sinners value, I resign :
Lord ! 'tis enough if thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there !
- 4 O glorious hour ! O blessed abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

- 5 The change will come ; the active mind,
To earth's low scenes no more confined,
Shall burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Watts.

461. S. M.

'The Promise is to you and your Children.' Acts ii. 39.

- 1 LORD ! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shown
To every rising race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore :
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
- 4 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.
- 5 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race !
- 6 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest times thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Salisbury Coll.

(370)

462. C. M.

Reflections on the Circumstances of the past Year.

- 1 **MARK** how the swift-winged minutes fly,
And hours still hasten on!
How swift the circling months run round!
How soon the year is gone!
- 2 Let me indulge the serious thought;
The year that's past review:
What good, what evil, have I done?
What work have I to do?
- 3 How is my debt of love increased
To that sustaining Power,
Who hath upheld my feeble frame,
And brought me to this hour!
- 4 For all thy favours, O my God!
Thy goodness I adore:
Thou hast my cup with blessings filled,
And made that cup run o'er.
- 5 For thy great mercy's sake, forgive
The guilt that marks the year;
And may I more than ever strive
To keep my conscience clear.
- 6 What shall befall in future life
I would not, Lord! inquire:
To be prepared for all thy will,—
Be this my chief desire.

† Exeter Coll.

463. C. M.

The Death of Kindred improved.

- 1 Must friends and kindred droop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Recounts our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our Helper and our Friend :
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead !

Watts.

464. L. M.

The Daily Goodness of God.

- 1 My God ! how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Watts.

465. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy gracious word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 3 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Watts.

466. C. M.

On Recovery from a Dangerous Sickness.

- 1 My God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.
- 3 Calmly I watched my ebbing life ;
I knew thy time was best ;
Nor feared to obey my Father's call,
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my gracious God!
Did I my soul resign;
And humbly trusted in thy grace,
For pardoning love is thine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I wish a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

Doddridge.

467. L. M.

God our Helper. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 Mr Helper, God! I bless thy name!
The same thy power, thy grace the same:
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Doddridge.

468. S. M.

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 My Sovereign! to thy throne,
With humble hope I press;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of anguish and distress!
- 2 My life, bowed down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
Lord! clothe these bones with flesh again,
And spare me from the tomb.
- 3 Without one murmuring word,
Thy chastening I receive;
But with submission ask, O Lord!
A merciful reprieve.
- 4 My supplicating voice,
Unwearied, I will raise:
Say to thy servant's soul, 'rejoice'
And fill my mouth with praise.

Scott.

469. P. M.

Angels proclaiming the Birth of Christ.

- 1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn
In social circle sat; while all around
The gentle fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flowery food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.

- 3 When lo! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
Divinely warbled voice,
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.
- 4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wondering sight.
Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,
The helmed cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.
- 5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.
- 6 'Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born:'
(Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime)
'Glory to God in heaven!
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time!'

Milton, alt'd. by the Rev. Dr. Gardiner.

470. L. M.

The aged Christian, longing for Heaven.

- 1 O COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed abode of peace and love!
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high!

- 2 But ah! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is changed to day;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Exposed to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Then let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars strew the ground;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come
Till I arrive at heaven, my home.
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest;
To him I cheerful give my all,
Go where he guides, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then should tempt my stay;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

Proud.

471. C. M.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 O God! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.

- 4 And oft along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

*

472. C. M.

A Hymn for Communion.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 ' Thy kingdom come : ' we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Miss E. Taylor.

473. C. M.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 Oh ! how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear ?

- 2 The dread omnipotence of Heaven
We every hour provoke ;
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.
- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain ;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.
- 5 But chiefly be the labour ours
To shade the early plant ;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want :
- 6 To graft the virtues, e'er the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

† J. Browne.

474. 8, 8, 6 M.

A Christmas Hymn.

- 1 O LET your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

Miss Roscoe.

475. L. M.

On the Dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down !
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Or turn aside thy people's prayer.

- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God! impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay:
Support him through the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.
Rippon's Coll.

476. C. M.

Penitent Humiliation.

- 1 **ORT**, gracious God! our land has been
Just like a burning brand,
Snatched from the fierce surrounding flame
By thy indulgent hand.
- 2 But have we learned thy name to fear,
Thy mercy to improve?
Have we been drawn to keep thy laws
By all these cords of love?
(381)

- 3 Or, when on days like these, we've mourned
Our sins, and pardon prayed,
Have we not soon forgot our vows,
And far as ever strayed?
- 4 Too deeply conscious, though again
Our suppliant eyes we raise,
Shouldst thou refuse the help we ask,
We justify thy ways.
- 5 But, O thou God of perfect grace!
Here all our comfort lies,—
The truly broken, contrite heart,
Thou never wilt despise.
- 6 But while in this eternal truth,
Our only hope we find,
Let the blessed hope we wish to form,
To faithful duty bind.

† Exeter Coll.

477. C. M.

Daily Protection.

- 1 On thee each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

- 4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blessed,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord! art with me still.
- Gentleman's Magazine.

478. L. M.

The Vanity and Frailty of Human Life.

- 1 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 2 How many, ev'n in youth's gay flower,—
Brief pageants of the noon-tide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb!
- 3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the strongest frame we see,
When thou dost man to death decree!
- 4 As when the fretting moths consume
The curious labour of the loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.
- 5 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

- 6 O Lord of life and seasons! we
Our sole reliance place on thee:
In thee we trust with holy fear,
And bless thee for the new-born year!

Merrick.

479. L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant their solemn lay:
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way.'
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He bursts the bands of death and night,
And heaven receives the Conqueror in.
- 4 Whom did the Lord of life subdue?
The tyrant death, his arm o'ercame,
The world and hell, his power o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Christ, with God's own power possessed,
And made our King and Saviour too;—
Thanks be to God, for ever blessed!

Edward Taylor.

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480. C. M.

Trust in God, under the Trials of Virtue.

- 1 **PLACED** on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed;
I viewed its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.
- 2 But chief my fear the dangers moved
That virtue's path inclose;
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But Oh! what toils oppose!
- 3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.
- 4 Oh! how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How, from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?
- 5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.
- 6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.
- 7 Then why thus heavy, O my soul?
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

- 8 Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

Merrick.

481. C. M.

The Lapse of Time improved. Ps. xc. 9.

- 1 REMARK, my soul! the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast, eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways to haste
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God! this trifling heart,
My great concern to see;
That I may choose the better part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To joy that never dies.

Doddridge.

482. S. M.

Children offered to God. Mark x. 14.

- 1 SEE Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
See, how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
 - 2 ' Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not,' he cried ;
' Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide.'
 - 3 We bring them, gracious Lord !
And yield them up to thee ;
Rejoiced that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
 - 4 Hear him, ye little flock !
Ye children ! seek his face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
 - 5 If orphans they are left,
Thy guardian love we trust ;
That love can heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o'er their dust.
- Doddridge, alt'd.

483. L. M.

Fidelity in the Cause of Truth and Virtue.

- 1 SHALL I forsake that heavenly Friend,
On whom my highest hopes depend ?
Forbid it, Lord ! that ere my heart
From truth and duty should depart.

2 First let the wheels of life stand still,
Ere I forget thy holy will ;
Ere I submit to guilty shame,
And thus disgrace my Saviour's name.

3 Faithful to him, and to his laws,
With zeal would I maintain his cause ;
Steadfast, the work assigned, fulfil,
And learn, like him, to do thy will.

4 Till death shall end my mortal days,
Firm may I walk in duty's ways ;
And reap at last the bright reward,
Which waits the servants of the Lord.

Jarvis

484. L. M.

Dependence on God, under the Loss of Friends.

1 THE God of mercy will indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When friends beloved and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

4 To thee, our Father ! would we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth,
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

Salisbury Coll.
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485. L. M.

The Prayer of the Dying Christian.

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord ! descend,
And to the friendless, prove a friend.
- 4 I come, I come at thy command,
I yield my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

† Logan.

486. L. M.

Seed-Time and Harvest. Ps. lxx.

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice ;
Both, bounteous Lord ! thy power display,
And, laden with thy gifts, rejoice.

- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes;
All smiling round, thy bounty show ;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
 - 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares ;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
 - 4 Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend ;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
 - 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year ;
Thy paths drop fatness all around ;
The barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
 - 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain ;
There plenty every charm displays ;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.
- Mrs. Steele.

487. L. M.

Celebration of the Lord's Supper.

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request ;
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in memory of your Friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song ;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.

- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep—
The great Deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death?
- 4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthanked, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremembered to the skies?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name ;
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

Enfield's Select.

488. C. M.

For a vacant Congregation on the Death of its Minister.

- 1 THOUGH mortal shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue ;
- 2 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 3 To him, when earthly comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly ;
And, on his never-ceasing care,
With cheerful hope, rely.
- 4 The powers of nature, Lord ! are thine,
And thine the aids of grace ;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through every rising race.

- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As sin or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 If bright or cloudy scenes await,
Some profit let me gain ;
That heaven, nor high nor low estate
May send to me in vain.
- 6 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past ;
That from the whole of life's survey
I may find peace at last.

† Drennan.

492. L. M.

The Institution of the Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. xi. 23—25.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that awful night,
When all the powers of darkness rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, gave thanks and brake :
What love through all his actions ran ;
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 ' This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food ;'
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
' 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'
- 4 ' In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this,' said he, ' till time shall end ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Friend.'

- 5 Thus, while we celebrate this feast,
 We show our Saviour's dying love
 Till he return, his saints to bless
 With endless joys in worlds above.
 Watts, alt'd.

493. H. M.

God our Preserver in a sickly Season. Ps. cxxi.

- 1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,
 From God is all our aid;
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth's foundation laid:
 God is the tower To which we fly:
 His grace is nigh In every hour.
- 2 Our feet shall never slide,
 Or fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, our Guard and Guide,
 Defends us from our fears.
 Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep, When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take our health away,
 If God be with us there.
 Thou art our sun, And thou our shade,
 To guard our head By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save our souls from death?
 And we can trust thee, Lord!
 To keep our mortal breath:
 We'll go and come, Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high Thou call us home.
 Watts.

494. L. M.

Safety through Life's Journey, implored.

- 1 WAYFARING pilgrims, bound for heaven,
And travelling through a dangerous road,
Lord! let thy grace to us be given,
And guide us to thy blessed abode.
- 2 May all who now assemble here,
And Jesus ' Lord and Master' call,
In those bright realms of bliss appear,
Where thou, great God! art all in all.

† Exeter Coll.

495. L. M.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love!
That sent the Saviour from above
To free our race from sin and wo,
And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought;
We thank thee that he lived, and taught
Frail and imperfect man, to be
In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
Which kept those sacred pages fair
Through every age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.
- 4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,
By us repeated in thy sight:
O fill our souls with bread divine,
And nourish us with heavenly wine!

*

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496. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 **WHEN** all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 **O** how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptured heart!
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 6 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing shares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

- 8 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For Oh ! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

Addison.

497. C. M.

On the Death of a Young Person.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which sorrow must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power,—I too must die,—
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow, death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
Mrs. Steele.

498. L. M.

The Love of Christ.

- 1 WHEN, in obedience to their Lord,
His followers meet around his board,
His love may well employ the song,
And dwell with praises on the tongue.
- 2 He loved mankind,—their welfare sought,
In all he did, in all he taught;
'Their present peace, their future joy,
His whole concern, his life's employ.
- 3 Where deep distress prolongs the sigh,
Behold the tender Jesus nigh;
He heals the sick, restores the blind,
Consoles and soothes the drooping mind.
- 4 What love, what kindness, from his tongue,
Invite the willing soul to come,
To hear his gospel, learn the way
Which leads through death to endless day!

501. 7 s. M.

The Shortness of Life.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Finished here probation's day;
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
But how little, none can know.
- 3 As the winged arrow flies
Quick, the destined mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
- 4 So our brief and transient days
To their end speed swiftly on;
Soon we pass life's little space,
Here to-day, to-morrow gone.
- 5 Thanks, for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, Lord! by faith to live,
With eternity in view.
- 6 Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill our hearts with filial love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

Olney Hymns, alt'd.

502. C. M.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue ;
' Father ! forgive,' he meekly prayed,
' They know not what they do.'
- 3 O what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought !
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught !
- 4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost, or misapplied ;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

† Exeter Coll.

503. S. M.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 Yes, to the last command
We will obedient prove ;
Around his table will we stand,
In memory of his love.
- 2 His precious blood he shed
For our unworthy race,
While uttering, in the Almighty's stead,
His messages of grace.

- 3 Oh! if our senseless pride
His dying words neglect,
'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
And we who God reject.
- 4 Then let us ever keep
This consecrated feast,
'Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,
Or life itself have ceased.

*

504. C. M.

Brotherly Kindness from the Precept and Example of Christ.

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let all the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none, who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honoured name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

Beddome.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. S. M.

To heaven's Eternal King
Who rules supreme alone,
Let all on earth their praises bring,
And worship round his throne.

2. S. M.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their grateful praises bring.

3. S. M.

- 1 Thy name, Almighty Lord !
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

4. C. M.

To HIM who reigns in worlds of light,
The Eternal King of heaven,
Be honour, majesty, and might,
And praise and glory given.

(405)

3 Homage thus to thee we bring,
 Of all good exhaustless Spring!
 In thy praise our hearts employ,
 Gracious Source of every joy!

12. H. M.

GLORY to God on high!
 For ever bless his name;
 Let earth, and seas, and sky
 His wondrous love proclaim.
 To him be praise And glory given
 By all on earth And all in heaven

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